

FAMOUS MONSTERS

AUGUST / 1963 / 50¢

OF FILMLAND



**TEETH
BECOME
FANGS
FINGERS
BECOME
CLAWS**

**SEE MAN
TURN INTO
BEAST**

**IN
WEREWOLF
of LONDON**
FILMBOOK THIS ISSUE

**A FORBIDDEN LOOK
INSIDE THE
HOUSE of ACKERMAN**

A RETURN VISIT TO THE PHANTOM

IS YOUR NAME MENTIONED IN THE GRAVEYARD EXAMINER?



Mystery Foto! A make-up you have not seen in this or any other publication since FM created the first filmonster magazine 5 years ago! Who do you think lurks behind the hairsuit, that hairy mat: Mata Hari? Fredric March? Charlton Heston? Lon Chaney? Pat Boone?! There's just one chance in a million that you'll penetrate his disguise, so before you go back to your cave, man, stop off at the coroner drugstore & pick up our FAMOUS MONSTERS YEARBOOK No. 2, where You'll Find Out who he is—on the same page where you find another full-fledged whiz of a foto of him in this wizard make-up.

From the Film Archives of the L.A. County Museum thru arrangement with Richard Sheffield.

etaoin shrdlu qwertyuiop?

NO, you have not picked up the Sanskrit edition of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** by mistake. After the fantastic number of foulups in last issue's typography, a roar of readers has written in with but a single question, and in answer to your mass blast let me say: "No, I am not deliberately attempting to create a world record for errors in a single issue—I am succeeding without even trying!" Rather, I am receiving involuntary "help."

In **FM** No. 23, I had difficulty puzzling out the mixed up paragraphs in the interview with Boris Karloff, and I wrote it, so I can imagine how the misplaced sentences must have baffled many of you! It is a pitiful sight to see a grown man cry; fortunately, I cast no reflection in the mirror, else I couldn't have borne to look at myself while I dried my tears. My first thot after noting all the errors in the issue was that a spy from a rival monsterzine had got into the printing room & deliberately sabotaged the issue. Because everything was properly spelled & correctly identified when it left me. I know the difference between Karloff in the old **RAVEN** and the new, and similar witches' switches; and I am probably one of the last persons you will ever meet on this planet who got a straight "A" in English thru 4 years of High School. I graduated at a time when it still mattered whether one could spell & knew how to punctuate properly. When you encounter forms like nite, thru, tho, thot, foto catalog(ue), dialog(ue), etc., in material written or edited by me, it's not because I'm not familiar with the older, more formal forms, but because I have long believed that individuals with intelligence & imagination & foresight should be simplifying & compacting the English language just as we transistorize & miniaturize & modernize radios & phonograph records & things of that nature. I have been streamlining the English language for a quarter of a century or more but I can still spell plenipotentiary or polymorphonucleated leucocyte without consulting Webster, altho lately I will confess to forgetting the exact vowel here & there in a jawbreaker like supercallifedulisticpialladocious, a word I don't have occasion to use more than about once every 10 years, and which in the second place isn't in the dictionary in the first place.

It is ironic that during the last World War (and let's hope it was the last) I edited & proofread an Army newspaper & besides being a prize-winner it was about as perfect a product as you could find. Because to date, due to geographical distances & time considerations, it has been denied me to take pride in presenting that same perfect product in the publication nearest & dearest to my heart. If I were on the spot to check the "proofs" before the final press run, I'm sure the goofs we've been plagued with in the past would disappear like Claude Rains in **THE INVISIBLE MAN**.

It seems like only yesterday (when in actuality it was the day before) that Mark Twain said to me, he said, "Lad"—he was only 5 years older than I but he always called me lad—"Lad," he said, "I got no respect for a man who can't spell a word more than one way!" Mark sure would've had a heap o' respect for our printers but I'm hoping he would have pointed the finger of derision at one Steven Jochsberger.

Remember the name, folks: **Steven Jochsberger**.

Because after last issue's debacle, my publisher has made the decision to hire someone to be specifically responsible for proofreading, caption checking & that kind of thing. Steve's got the job, so from now on if you see **THE BLOB** spelled **THE BLOOB**, or Peter Lorre's name under a picture of Elsa Lanchester, or a sentence that begins with a question mark & ends with a comma, you'll know Steve was in a coma while proofreading & is going to be in a dilemma the first time a reader writes in to complain! Sneaky snorkel that I am, I have deliberately spelled Steven's name Stephen at one place in this issue, just to make sure he's awake & paying attention & corrects it! If his own name appears misspelled, it'll be no one's fault but his own!

* * *

Did you hear that Alfred the Great is going to make a sequel to **THE BIRDS**? It's to be called **WING ALONG WITH HITCH**. I also heard from another little bird—I think it was a Blochbird—that Gregory Peck is going South of the Border to make a Mexican sequel to the film for which he won an Academy Award. Title? **TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD**.

* * *

If you learned of a film made 60 years ago called, say, **DRACULA'S TUSSE**, you'd admittedly think it was a peculiar title, wouldn't you, but would there be any doubt in your mind but what it was a film based on Bram Stoker's celebrated vampire novel? I mean, surely nobody would be making a movie about Joe Dracula's tussle or the big fight Fred Dracula had. So, naturally, when our Australian correspondent Chris Collier made the amazing discovery that the American Mutoscope & Biograph Co. produced a picture in 1902 called **FRANKENSTEIN'S TRESTLE**, he came to the understandable conclusion that, strange as it seemed, this was the earliest known film about Mary Shelley's bizarre brainchild. It cost publisher Warren 20 bucks & took Atlantic-coast authority Sam Sherman & Pacificoast authority Walt Lee to check out this title & discover to everyone's dismay that that Frankenstein was an **ordinary town's name**! Proving once again the perils of circumstantial evidence. After all kinds of guesses as to what the title was, such as **FRANKENSTEIN'S TERROR**, **FRANKENSTEIN'S TWIN**, **FRANKENSTEIN'S TROUBLE**, etc., Jim Adams of Charlotte, North Carolina, wired in the right word—**trestle**—and Marc Antony Russell was the first to write it in. I was all set to advance the theory that, 60 years ago when someone originally wrote the word, it was actually **castle** (which would make some sense) and the handwriting had been misread & copied as **trestle** (which seemed to make no sense at all). Then along came General Sherman & General Lee (Sam & Walt, that is) with their consarned choo-choo & ran right over my theory, trestle & all!

* * *

This summer several hundred of you will have the opportunity to meet me in your own home. When I told Robert Bloch what I planned to do, he said, "Oh—an Ill Will Tour!" Judge for yourself: all the details are in this issue of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**.

* * *

Next issue will be our 25th, a momentous anniversary. It will be our greatest issue, bar none, or my name isn't

Forrest J Ackerman



PRIZES this issue to **SAM THORPE** of Huntington, NY; **LEO McCONNELL** of Malden, Mass.; **WM. S. COBURN JR.** of Erlanger, Ky.; & **GEO. STEFANIS** of New Castle, Pa.; each of whom receives a complimentary copy of the **Filminindex** in appreciation of an outstanding letter or special services rendered the editor.

CARNIVOROUS CORRESPONDENCE; OR, A MEATY LETTER

I would like to rave & carry on about how unjust I think "Dante's Inferno" was. I don't claim to have seen a thousand macabre, horror or sci-fi movies but I have seen some of the best & some of the very worst. Mr. Dante has probably seen at least 500 more films than I (I've only seen about 300) and it surprises—no—disturbs me to see how poor a job he did on his little attack on the horror cinema. He did not devote much thought or study to his subject. It sounded like something that he took out of a few movie rating books. As any fan of the macabre knows, many critics are not too generous with their star ratings. I am not saying that his opinions were not his but I think he fell victim to "creeping meatballism." In other words he went along with the opinions of a dozen critics instead of being a little enterprising. I have been a lot more careful in my list, I have included 5 films that even the critics liked. **ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN**, while it was no **KING KONG**, was much better than **THE GHOST THAT WALKS ALONE** and **ALIAS JOHN PRESTON** (1957 Chris Lee). The former had the creep who played **Andres** in **RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE** while the latter was a serious film about a guy (Lee) with a split-personality. (We suspect you meant split personality but a slip of the finger created a new & meaningful term. Move over, shade of Freud, and make way for Prof. Thorpe!) **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER** I saw at least 5 times in one year & it is still twice the film **FROZEN GHOST** and **CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN** were. **FIRE MAIDENS OF OUTER SPACE** I replace with **THE SPIDER WOMAN STRIKES BACK**. **THE GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN** was a real triumph compared with **REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **FLYING SAUCER**. **GOLIATH & THE DRAGON** was another **BEN HUR** compared to **THE MASK** and **RED PLANET MARS**. **JUNGLE CAPTIVE** was an achievement next to **THE LEOPARD MAN** and **REVENGE OF THE ZOM-**

BIES. After all of the pomp & circumstances that **SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED** made about **KING OF THE ROCKET MEN**, I can't see how you allowed Dante to deride **LOST PLANET AIRMEN**, which was much better than **THE GHOST CATCHERS** and **CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE** combined. **MAD MONSTER** is one of my favorites, another **DRACULA** compared with **THE INNOCENTS**, **BLACK MAGIC** and **THE DEVIL COMMANDS**. **MAN BEAST** a triumph compared to **IMMEDIATE DISASTER**. The same goes for **MISSILE TO THE MOON** compared to **ATOMIC SUB** and **ATOMIC MAN**. (Sam gave 17 other titles but the list was growing too lengthy for our limited space so we had to lop it off at this point. Anyway, you get the idea. Or, as we once heard the Thief of Bagdad say, "One man's mead is another man's Persian.") I have never appreciated Robert Bloch's work and I loathed "Menace, Anyone?" He says the macabre movie aficionado should judge the movies by asking himself: "Is the picture honest in intent? Is the emphasis on the science fiction rather than the usual hackneyed plotting?" Well, I am not trying to say I didn't enjoy **PSYCHO** but I realize that it is a hack story & all that Mr. Bloch wanted to do was make a bundle of cash. His method of doing this is one of which I don't approve. The only horror in his story was in the overtones. If I may paraphrase Lovecraft (son of Lovecraft?): Sex & Gore Do Not A Good Terrifying Movie Make. Was **THE COUCH** honest in intent? Was **PSYCHO**? Was "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" on **Thriller**? Oh, come now! He wants to comb out the fright toupee & he goes around writing hack stories & screenplays. Was the frightening possibility that Dr. Caligari might suddenly attack the girl what made the original German classic great? I should say not! But you would never know it according to Bloch's new & lousy version. I don't care if it was supposed to have cost a million clams, the new **CALIGARI** came off more like one of the French "adult" films than anything else. This is by no means a compliment. I shall qualify this statement. Reader Chas. P. Johnson seems to think that **CALIGARI** was "a truly adult film." I think that he, Bloch, and, unfortunately, many of our younger American producers are confused. Many people—kids, teens & some adults—think that really mature people pepper their conversation with "hells" & "damns." Writers such as Bloch know better but insist on implying this. The

average teenager swears more than the adult. I ought to know because I am a teenager, living in what I consider a hick town where one would least expect it. I like the nerve of Mr. Bloch, deriding Sabu's **THIEF OF BAGDAD**. Because it was so obviously crummy it won 3 Academy Awards. **PSYCHO** was only nominated for an award to the best supporting actress. (Sam, Bob Bloch didn't write **PSYCHO**. He wrote the book, "Psycho," an entirely different matter. You might as well criticize Edgar Allan Poe for Richard Matheson's version of **THE RAVEN** or run down HG Wells, for instance, in case you didn't like what the screen playwright did to his **TIME MACHINE**. As for the new **CALIGARI**, when last I heard, Bob was so disturbed by the way his work had been altered that he had not even seen the picture! Knowing Bob personally, and a lot about what has gone on behind the scenes, I could write a spirited defense of him but he is quite articulate & capable of speaking up for himself. It goes without saying the pages of **Fang Mail** are wide open to the ubiquitous Mr. B. should he care to take advantage of our columns to pluck Mr. Thorpe's thorns from his side.—FJA.) Ever wonder (here we go again!) why Herman Cohen's films are so lousy, plotless, cheap & wasted? It was explained in part in a Fall 1957 copy of **TIME**. Quoting Cohen: "I heard that 62% of the movie audience was between 15 & 30 & I knew that the movies that were grossing well were horror or rock 'n' roll films. So I decided to combine them with an exploitation title. You don't need big names." In other words, he has no respect for his audience. Here's what he had to say for **NEWSWEEK** in Fall of '58: "I always think of the title first, the story comes last. After the title comes the advertising ideas . . . the gimmick, the illustrations, for these are what gets the kids into the theater, then comes the story . . . and every drop of blood & graveyard shudder must be advertised. The worst you can do is mislead a teenager in your ads by not having the same elements in the picture." Friends, Mr. Cohen has been making fools of many of our number. He is in it entirely for the money—even tho he puts none in. I entreat you: boycott all of his films. Let him know that it is discriminating, intelligent people whom he is trying to "bull-jive." (Target: Worth! Again we extend a free invitation to an attendee to

(Continued on page 6)

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

AUG., 1963 Vol. 5, No. 3

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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND
Vol. 5, No. 3. Published bi-monthly by
Warren Publishing Co. Editorial Adver-
tising and Subscription Offices at 1426 E.
Washington Lane, Philadelphia 38, Pa.
Second-Class mail privileges authorized at
Philadelphia, Penna., with additional entry
at Meriden, Conn.

Printed in U.S.A. Entire contents copy-
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Subscriptions: 1 Year: \$3.00 in the U.S. and
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SUBSCRIBER CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Give 6
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addressed. Send old address as well as new.

CREDITS & ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: American-
International, Ernest A. Bachrach, Ted
Bonnet, Edw. J. Cornell, Peter Claudius,
Frank Coe, Marcel Delgado, J. Forester
Eckman, Ron Ellik, Henry J. Hart, Carl
Laemmle Sr., Don Levitt, Nova Pubns. Ltd.,
Darllyn O'Brien, David L. Pereslete, Rich-
ard Sheffield, Roy Smith, Talbot, Universal
Pictures Corp.

DEDICATION:
To OSCAR O. ESTES JR.,
Major in the United
States Air Force,
and major connoisseur of
imaginative movies.



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(Continued from page 4)

answer his attacker in these columns. Herman, the floor is all yours. Has Sam floored you or will you make of him a ragmop?

INTELLIGENT & DISCRIMINATING?



● JOHN JUSTL of Napa, Calif. Without knowing anything about this fine-looking youngster I'd say he's just the sort who looks like he'd select his filmfare with taste & care. Does he strike you—like me—as looking like a young-boy Richard Carlson? With that fine high forehead he could even be a Metalunan or, with a blond wig, one of the wonder children from THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED.

Sam Thorpe continues: I wish you would pay more attention to the Mascot, Majestic & Astor films of the 30s & 40s. I have yet to see any mention of Minerva Urecal as a ghoul. She was with Bela Lugosi in THE CORPSE VANISHES; she was Lugosi's servant & she had an ugly, I mean very ugly mute son. In GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE Lugosi, Miss Urecal and "the mute" were seen together again. I call them the Unholy 3, they worked so perfectly together. It also wouldn't hurt anything if you were to give AND THEN THERE WERE NONE a little honorable mention because it is about the scariest film ever. I saw it when I was 8 and when I was 10 and was scared to death both times. (The Fan Who Died Twice!) In going over my notes I noticed that Dwight Frye & Glenn Strange and even Lionel Atwill played in 3 consecutive FRANKENSTEIN (original) films. Colin Clive sissied his unmanly way thru 3 (his ghost was in the 4th of the series). Boris Karloff played in 3 flicks & was a mad doctor in his 4th. Bela Lugosi played in 4 films also. John Carradine played in 3 & Lon Chaney Jr. was in the series more than anyone else, with a total of 5 consecutive films. For his role as the Wolfman in "Lizard's Leg & Owlet's Wing" I read where he had to be covered from head to foot with unruly hair to simulate an aborigine half-beast half-human; and his facial make-up was applied (with the thermometer in the high 90s) directly to his skin with many waves of hair glued to his face. I would like to express my appreciation for the terrific job you did on the Filmbook of THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. It was almost flawless. There were only 2 mistakes: the first one is that you inverted the order of chapters 10 & 11—the Creation was taken to town before he was acquainted with the blind man. The 2d, and most unforgivable mistake, was that you became much too sketchy in your details about the Creation's first friend. To me, just this 5 minute sequence was well worth the price of admission. Part I of the DRACULA Filmbook left much to be desired, I am sorry to say. You left out too many colorful passages of dialog. I was looking forward to seeing the

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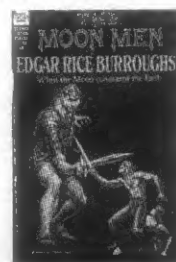
THE MOON MAID
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Discovery and Adventure in the unseen world of the Moon



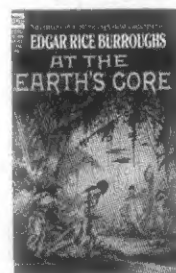
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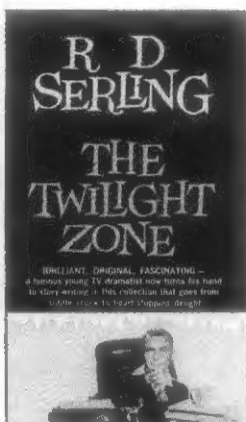
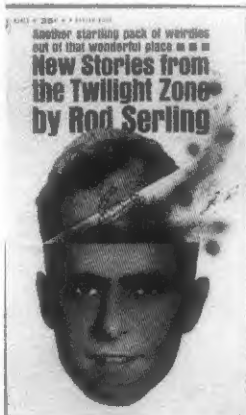
Martin Sloan, who got lost between then and now.

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amusing parts such as . . . (A wolf howls) DRAC (to Renfield): "Listen to them! The Children of the Night! What music they make!" DRAC (as they walk thru a giant spider web & see a spider as big as a football): "The spider, spinning his web for the unwary insect! The blood is the life, Mr. Renfield!" Still later on, DRAC: "This is very old wine." Renfield: "Aren't

COUNT DRACULA



• Drawn by LON GODDARD

you having any, Count?" DRAC: "I never drink . . . wine." Now that I'm in a remembering mood, I call your attention to a school principal named Mr. Holtin. He attacked with no cause the cleanest, most uncommercial monster magazine of them all: **FAMOUS MONSTERS**. There are 2 utterly repulsive, cheap publications by a rival company. They are everything that Holtin accused **FAMOUS MONSTERS** and editor Ackerman of being. They are geared to the 12-year-old mind & are, for the most part, full of puns, with no identification whatsoever under the pictures, tho numerous they may be. I say that if he is going to criticize a good guy & his lively hood ("Mr. Holtin Meets FJA & His Bodyguard, Scare Face, the Lively Hood") he hasn't much choice but to do the same for those who are so ashamed of their work they haven't yet given the name of the editor.

SAM THORPE
HUNTINGTON, NY

IT'S INCREDIBLE!

A friend of mine said he knew of a magazine that was a lot better than **FAMOUS MONSTERS**. He said it was **FABULOUS MONSTERS**. I'd like to see an issue of **FABULOUS MONSTERS** and see if it's as good as he says.

ALAN NUNN
BURKBURNETT, TEX.

• Alan, we recommend that your friend get to an Eye Specialist at his earliest opportunity or else stop chewing that grape-flavored bub-

(Continued on page 8)

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(Continued from page 7)

blegum (it must have fermented & given him hallucinations). Because I'll open my big mouth & say there ain't no such Monster as FABULOUS. If there is, I'll eat Texas!

CARE TO DISPUTE HIM?

Did you know that as of your 22d issue you've put out 1734 pages of monsters? That's 265,-816,672 square inches of articles, pictures stories & biographies of great men in the monster business. You are the best monster book there is. I think you have improved in every issue.

BOB TOSEL
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

● Bob, you would as likely find us disputin' Rasputin as arguing with your figures—and your flattering sentiments. In this case we are content to fall back on the old maxim, "The customer is always right."

DEN OF DRACULA



● ROBT. SWENSON, Worcester, Mass.

HE REMEMBERS LAEMMLE

The quality of fotos & writing has increased 500%. While I sat watching THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, I held Filmbook No. 1 in my hands comparing fotos & dialog with the actual classic: I found FJA's essay fantastic in its accuracy. I'm glad there are people who still remember Carl Laemmle's classic ventures into the young (then) field of sound phantasy.

LARRY CASEY
BETHPAGE, LI, NY

WAIT'LL YOU SEE OUR TANAVERSARY

Your 5th Anniversary edition was a masterpiece. I'm sure if Bela Lugosi were alive he would have thanked you personally.

VICTOR GUY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

A WELL-RED COMMU-NUT

I was really irked at that nut who suggested FM was "communist inspired." Where do these characters come from? If you believed all they said, you would be seeing commies hiding in the bushes, in your bed, in the attic & everywhere else. I know for a fact that there isn't a Red in my bed—there is a leering skeleton which makes sleeping uncomfortable at nites.

GUY ROBERT BANEY
BUFFALO, NY

FOURTEEN & FRUSTRATED

Why is it that you have to be 16 to go & see a horror film? I do not think it is fair. Boys like horror films & all the boys at my school agree with me. And by the time we are 16 the films are gone.

JOHN BENNETT
LONDON, ENGLAND

● See how lucky most of you are to be living in America? I really couldn't say, John, why they won't let you see horror movies in your country till you're 16. I started late—when I was 8—and saw all of the best of them: THE MONSTER, MR. WU, THE CAT & THE CANARY, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE BAT, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA. All before I was 16. And all it did to me was turn me into the editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS—a fate worse than debt. But won't you eventually get to see most of the pix you've missed at revival houses or on TV? All I can actually suggest to frustrated British monster fans of your generation is that when you're old enough to influence the world, you do what you can to improve the lot of the new crop of young frankensteins. You have my sympathy.—Forry Ackerman.

LUCKY YOUNG MAN, USA



● No age-barrier ban for PETER BOGASLAWSKI. Monster tolerance in Torrance, Calif.!

Want to write us? (As if we could stop you!) Address your comments, criticisms, compliments and questions to—

DEAD LETTER DEPARTMENT
FAMOUS MONSTERS
1426 E. Washington Lane
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

TOMB-MORROWS



Scoop! First Foto: one face of Karloff out of trio you'll see in his new THREE FACES OF TERROR.

The Wurdalak . . . based on a terror tale by Tolstoi . . . starring Boris Karloff!

A Drop of Water . . . a weird tale by Anton Chekhov . . . starring Boris Karloff!

The Telephone . . . a sinister story by an author named Snyder . . . starring Boris Karloff.

Don't look now, but— You'll get them all in **THE 3 FACES OF TERROR** . . . or **FEAR** . . . or **BLACK SABBATH**—whatever the final release title is of the horror trio that's

been completed in Italy by Mario Bava, director of **BLACK SUNDAY**. By the international collaboration of Scognamillo, our monster man in Istanbul, and Druillet, picture expert in Paris, we are able to scoop the weird-weird world with the simultaneous presentation of the foregoing information *and* the first foto out of Europe of Karloff in his latest role!

onward, with edgar allan

And, also from "Sco", it's mo' on Poe: in his **DANSE MACABRE** there is only one *living* human being! All the other players are dead men, phantoms & other ghostly characters. Hero is a young man who accepts an invitation to stay the nite in a haunted castle, not believing that the ancient building is inhabited by a family of phantoms that once a year delights in killing a human being. Barbara Steele, the vampire of **BLACK SUNDAY**, returns in a similar role, only this time she's an ectoplasmic menace that's out for blood.

Italy will also export to us one **COFFIN OF TERROR**.

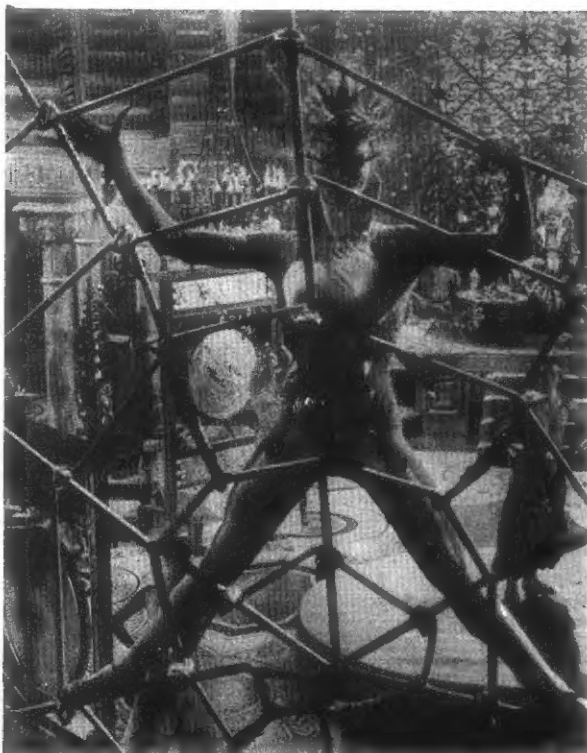
bloch on the phone

Bob calls me to give me a hang-nail sketch—sort of straight from the hearse's mouth, as it were—of his new film, **THE JACKET**. "We're playing it straight," he says. "In fact, Bill Castle insists on calling it **STRAIT-JACKET**. I wrote the original story & screenplay myself & am keeping in close contact with the production. Bill Castle, I'm happy to say, went along with my recommendation of Joan Blondell for the lead. Joan plays a double ax murderess who, after being released from prison, well— That would be giving away secrets. Let's just say the ax murders start again & it's up to the audience to figure out who axed for it. We're confident the ending will come as a great surprise." Production on **STRAIT-JACKET** was scheduled to start on the 11th of June at the time this issue went to press. Ann Helm, from Bloch's **COUCH** and some of his hitches for Hitchcock's

MOVIES

terrorvision tales, will also try to wriggle her way out of the **STRAIT-JACKET**.

Also, Bloch informed that the new American title for Castle's **CANDY WEB** is **13 FRIGHTENED GIRLS**. And Daystar's adult sci-fi TV series, helmed by Stefano the scripter of **PSYCHO**, has taken a title change to *Beyond Control*. David Duncan, Robt. Bloch, AE van Vogt, Ken Crossen—and the long late Arthur Leo Zagat with his "Lanson Screen"—are among those writers I hear are liable to be involved in one way or another with the series.



From **CAPTAIN SINDBAD**, "one of the most spectacular fantasy films yet produced. Laid against the scintillating background of the Arabian Nights, crammed with magic & splendor. Sindbad fights the giant invisible monster in the great arena scene, recaptures the princess & takes her thru the meshes of a giant spider web (one of the hi-lites of which is the fabulous spider-dancel), battling 'enemy aliens' on the way & a variety of other spine-tingling adventures"—*Science Fantasy* (a British publication) #58, 1963.



Renato Rascel in **HARD TIMES FOR VAMPIRES**, "the funniest of fear-filled films."



A manacled skeleton produces shivers in Allied Artists' production of Thomas De Quincey's classic **CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER**, starring Vincent Price.



The ATOM AGE VAMPIRE of Topaz Film Corp's new living corpse pic.

weird women

Watch out for **THE GIRL WHO STOLE THE EIFFEL TOWER**. In a dream sequence she's menaced by Wm. Holden when he turns into a vampire!

GHOST AT NOON, which may be read in novel form by Alberto Moravia, will star Brigitte Bardot, whom I've been told has developed a taste for science fiction. Further than that, it will afford his millions of world-wide admirers a unique opportunity to see **FRITZ LANG** in action, for the fabulous director of **METROPOLIS**, **M. WOMAN IN THE MOON**, **SIEGFRIED**, **DR. MABUSE**, etc., etc., etc., will himself play a motion picture director in the movie!

SYLVA is a fox-girl and **LILITH** a foxy one who taught Adam All About Eve.

chaney . . . strange price . . . lorre

Lon Chaney Jr. is being paged for starring role in **MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM** new title for **GRAND GUIGNOL** script by Victor Stoloff. Chaney has first to complete star part in **THE HAUNTED PALACE**, Edgar Allan Poe pic produced & directed by Roger the Gore Man.

The Big 3 of **THE RAVEN**—Karloff, Price & Lorre—are scheduled to start work on 4 Sept. on **COMEDY OF TERROR** in color and Panavision.

Glenn Strange has been mentioned as the monster for **KEEPER OF THE 5th DIMENSION**.

Vincent Price has completed **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH** (from Richard Matheson's vampire novel "I Am Legend") and the cinemadaptation

of Nathaniel Hawthorne's **TWICE TOLD TALES**.

the okay of the triffids

Reviewing **THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS** as a "C'Scope Sci-Fi Mel-ler" in the 30 Apr. '63 issue of **DAILY VARIETY**, some feller or some thing name of *Tube* wrote such amusing things about the pic that I feel some sample quotes should be shared with our larger audience. To begin with, *Tube* tells us:

"The triffids is coming. Basically . . . it's a vegetarian's version of **THE BIRDS**, a science-fiction-horror melodrama about a vile people-eater of the plant kingdom with a voracious appetite." The panic-inducing plant, scientifically known as *Triffidus Ce-*

NIP-ON-KNEES KONG, 1963



lestus, "looks like a Walt Disney nightmare & sounds like a cauldron of broccoli cooking in Margaret Hamilton's witchin' kitchen." Tube continues. "Hero makes his way thru a world haplessly engaged in a universal game of blind man's buff while under mortal threat of the carnivorous chlorophyll." He concludes, "Sound is acutely sensitive in capturing the oddly alternating creak, crawl, hiss snap, crackle & pop of the triflids."

the ray of all flash

Ray Bradbury phones to say "au revoir" & that he's off to Paris for the filming of his *FAHRENHEIT 451*. Lucky Angelenoes recently had the opportunity to see & hear him in person when he shared a panel on a podium with Aldous "Brave New World" Huxley & Jack Lemmon Ray's *ICARUS MONTGOLFIER WRIGHT*, nominated for an Academy Award, was further honored to receive the 1963 Golden Eagle Award. A Day in the Life of Ray (the Bradbury Short Story) will soon be seen on TV as produced by Wolper Productions.

eye-witness account

Mel Konecoff, New York columnist, accepted an "April Ghoulish Luncheon" and reported the hilarious results in the 24 Apr. '63 issue of *MOTION PICTURE EXHIBITOR*. "I went," he said, "expecting Bloody Marys, Zombie Zoup, Witches' Brew with Kreplach, Entrails en Brochette, Hungarian Ghoulish, Braised Brains, Soft-boiled Eggtoplasm, Candied Carrion, etc., in the Haunting Room of Chateau Henry IV. As we approached, school-age kiddies paraded there carrying signs with ghoulish themes, waiting for a horse-drawn hearse with clear glass sides of the type Dracula often used to cruise the mountains of Transylvania. When it finally did appear in the middle of crushing Broadway traffic, there was a vampire-type gal therein who refused to stay dead. As curious crowds blocked traffic, a limousine drove up & out popped a ghoul in a high hat, and while a hidden record player pounded out the rock 'n' roll rhythms of 'The Ghoul in School', the formally-dressed horror put the kids thru 'The Ghoul Gruel' (not a breakfast cereal) while newsreel & still cameramen recorded all for posterity. We got into a limousine—black, of course—to follow the hearse, and the crowds kept asking 'Are they alive?' At lunch we not only received a bit of nourishment but a Do-It-Yourself Werewolf Kit which contained a phial of Werewolf Potion, directions, Wolf Fur and a tube of Witch's Tears. All this in conjunction with the release of MGM's horror package,

WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS' DORMITORY plus Boris Karloff & Christopher Lee in **CORRIDORS OF BLOOD**. In a similar category, but thru a different department, I had an interview with producer-director Robt. Wise, whose film **THE HAUNTING** is to be released by MGM in Oct. He



Masked menace from **THE LEAGUE OF TERROR**, another Edgar Wallace thriller.

admitted that it was a story of the supernatural with no ghosts to be seen but rather their spooky presence is felt. It will be sold as an adult terror picture. Picture cost \$1,125,000. Prior to opening, to stir up interest there will be tours by experts on the supernatural, as well as seances "ghost-to-ghost." **THE HAUNTING** is based on the novel "The Haunting of Hill House" by Shirley Jackson of *The Lottery* fame & has Russ Tamblyn & Julie Harris investigating the mystery of an old dark house (not to be confused with William's Castle).

things to come

THE INCREDIBLE MR. LIMPET, in color, from the book "Mr. Limpet" by Theodore Pratt.

THE DUNWICH HORROR from the classic Lovecraft tale of the same name

THE MYSTERIANS—a re-issue.

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, screenplay by Jos. Stefano.

IT'S ALIVE—Peter Lorre.

CASTLE OF TERROR, Karloff film retitled from **THE TERROR**, which in turn was retitled from **THE LADY OF THE SHADOWS**.

FORBIDDEN AREA: 7 DAYS IN MAY . . . 9 DAYS IN A YEAR . . . FAIL-SAFE . . . DR. STRANGELOVE . . . THE LONG LOUD SILENCE (Wilson Tucker) . . . **THE REST MUST DIE . . . The Oblivion Button**.

THE DEVIL DOLL—British.

SHE—4th filming! H. Rider Haggard's longevity queen really proves her immortality!

THE VALLEY OF FEAR—Chris Lee.

THE YELLOW SERPENT—Edgar Wallace.

STRANGE JOURNEY (to **MICROSCOPIA**) by Jerome Bixby & Otto Klement.

DEPTHS OF THE UNKNOWN.

DON'T CRY WOLF.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS—by Ib Melchior with monster by Kong-maker Marcel Delgado.

SIEGFRIED—two new ones!

RATS IN THE WALL—HPLovecraft.

THE HAUNTED VILLAGE ("Weird Shadow Over Innsmouth")—HPL.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE—Herman Cohen.

CIRCUS MAGNIFIQUE—horror under the Big Top. Herman Cohen.

CAPTAIN SINDBAD

THE BIG FRONT YARD—interplanetary yarn by Clifford Simak of science fiction's Old Guard.

FIRST MEN IN THE MOON—Ray Harryhausen.

THE VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA and **CARRY ON, VAMPIRE!**

THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO—Geo. Pal's next . . . with 8 new make-ups!



Pinkus Braun — remember the name! You read it first in *FM*. Our German Correspondent Klaus Unbehaun tells us "he is the coming 'mystery man' of Europe." Seen here in a sinister role in *THE YELLOW SNAKE* by Edgar Wallace, the man who conceived King Kong.

This *OPIUM EATER*'s not talking while the flavor lasts; Allied pic.



Character in Allied's *CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER*; Price stars.



Peter Lorre, the ravin', who'll be back presently in *IT'S ALIVE!*

FJA in 3D

Fellow Karloffornians, lend me your ears! (But don't expect to get them back.) If you live in California, or even Oregon or Nevada, and haven't anything better to do from July 4th thru the 7th, you might enjoy seeing the editor of *FM* in all 3 dimensions & glowing technicolor. Then again, you might not. Enjoy seeing him, that is. In any event, you will have the the *opportunity*—the rest is up to you. There is a possibility that you might get to see such imagi-movie people as Robt. Bloch, Richard Matheson, Ray Russell, Fritz Leiber, Ray Bradbury, Wm. Nolan, Harlan Ellison, John Tomerlin, Wendayne Wahrman, Rod Serling. Not all, but certainly some, of these will be in attendance. The one individual I can virtually *guarantee* you will be in attendance will be: myself, Forrest J Ackerman. This will be at the Hyatt House Motel, Burlingame (just south of San Francisco airport), Calif. The occasion is the 16th Western Science Fantasy Convention. There'll be a Masquerade Ball where you might very well meet the Frankenstein monster or Dracula or—be them! Costumes & make-ups are encouraged for the occasion. \$1.50 covers your membership for the 4 days. For further details, or to join, contact J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Rd., Berkeley 7, Calif.

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**KING
KONG
IS
COMING
BACK!**

a preview of our powerful attraction next issue

AT the end of 1959 we presented in our 6th issue The King Kong Story. It was a great story, one of our best ever, 11 pages long with 14 outstanding fotos.

Readers raved . . . but they could better have saved their breath. Because next issue we are going to cover KONG in a fashion that will make that former landmark look feeble!

Fourteen fotos the firsttime? *Nothing!* Because 4 years ago we didn't have access to the personal KONG foto collection of his animator, the late Willis O'Brien; hadn't been presented with precious, exclusive pictures of KONG by the still-living,

still-talented, still very "animated" artisan who actually constructed KONG, Marcel Delgado!

Fotos that other publications would give their eye-teeth to run *one* of—we are able to bring you in lavish quantity. Mementoes that money couldn't buy—unique, one of a kind—are ours to share with you because Darlyne O'Brien is (rightfully) proud of her husband's work & wants him remembered & represented in the best, and Mr. Delgado's reasoning runs along much the same lines

All fotos identified thus (WOB) come to you from the collection of Willis O'Brien, courtesy of his widow

(MD), from the foto files of Marcel Delgado.

And what you are about to read, brought back to you over a span of 30 years by our personal Vicarion, is history—the major portion of a half-hour broadcast that went out over the airwaves via the National Broadcasting Co. on the nite of Friday 10 February 1933, from 9:30-10 p.m. HNSwanson was editor of the script; Russell Birdwell responsible for continuity.

HOLLYWOOD-ON-THE-AIR

Announcer: When the last page is torn from the calendar this year,

If your editor remembers his paleontology correctly from his college curriculum in the prehistoric times of the early 30s, this would be an *arsinoitherium* as seen in KING KONG. Nobody knows exactly why the dinosaurs died out but it is my theory that they choked to death on their long names.

WOB





Up a tree, to the left, we see a tasty morsel for Mr. Rex.

WOB

motion picture history will have a new chapter—a chapter dedicated to the courage & vision of 2 men who dared to make come true the greatest dream Hollywood has ever known. These men are Merian C. Cooper & Ernest B. Schoedsack, and the dream fulfilled is their mighty Radio Production, **KING KONG**. This, truly, is the film news event of 1933! Two years of actual camera work in addition to many years of thought & planning have been injected into this mammoth film so you may for 2 short hours soon be entertained & enthralled in your favorite theater. Tonight, over this network reaching from ocean to ocean and making it possible to enter millions of homes, **King Kong**, the giant jungle beast that invaded civilization in search of a flaming-haired girl, will stalk across your threshold . . . to amaze you . . . to startle you . . . to entertain you!

Sound: **KING KONG ROAR**

Announcer: Your journey across the air tonite, Mr. & Mrs. Show-Going Public, will again be guided by Ray Fernstrom, daredevil Pathe

Newsreel cameraman. Ray Fernstrom, in a make-believe cruise to distant places on the trail of King Kong, will turn the pages in this new Hollywood chapter.

Fernstrom: Good evening, lovers of adventure & motion pictures everywhere. Once again we're standing by our cameras. Once again the hunt for news is under way. This time the news is **KING KONG**. What is **KING KONG**? How did it begin? Who is this man Merian C. Cooper? And why is **KING KONG** news? King Kong is a 50' ape with the bark of thunder in his lungs & the strength of many giants in his hands. A man-made robot of a forgotten land, Skull Island. King Kong dominates the most thrilling & fantastic adventure film ever conceived. Merian C. Cooper & Ernest B. Schoedsack, who together gave the world its most memorable adventure films, **GRASS & CHANG**, now produce the headline picture of 1933—**KING KONG**. The remotest corners of the globe; the densest jungles; bear the wandering footprints of Cooper & Schoedsack, whose motto has always been: "If

it exists, it can be photographed." Why is **KING KONG** news? Because it marks the turning point in screen entertainment. With 12 reels of exciting celluloid, it sets a new goal in the amusement world. What was the origin of **KING KONG**? How did it come into being? We'll start at the beginning.

In Hollywood, Calif., during the latter part of 1931. On the roof-garden at the Roosevelt Hotel. And over yonder in a corner, sitting alone and frowning, is the man we've been seeking, Merian C. Cooper; the man who in a short time from now—1931—is to choose Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong & Bruce Cabot for the leading roles in **KING KONG**. Let's drop in on him and find out why a man who has made 4 pictures, each grossing more than a million dollars, should wear a frown on his face on such a Hollywood night. Wait a minute—there's a newspaper man crossing to his table—we'll eavesdrop on their conversation with our microphone.

Reporter: Hello, Mr. Cooper.

Cooper: Good evening, Jim.



This exciting shot, all but destroyed when **FAMOUS MONSTERS** rescued it from oblivion, shows the bust of King Kong while actually under construction. Worker to the left, seated on the scaffold, is Marcel Delgado. Note, also, man in Kong's mouth!

Reporter: Am I intruding?

Cooper: The thing I was thinking about can never be bettered. Matter of fact, it gets worse every year. I'll tell you what it is. The world is getting smaller every year. I mean—it's becoming too civilized. I can remember when the world was a grand old place—a place full of unexplored lands, choked with adventure. . . In those days Schoedsack & I used to run away to the ends of the world, confident of finding real motion picture material. But now, what's a fellow to do? Where is he to go?

Reporter: If I had been in all the strange places you've been, Mr. Cooper—fought in as many wars & that sort of thing—I'd retire.

Cooper: I've got it! I've got it!

Reporter: Good. What is it?

Cooper: I'll tell you—but don't repeat it to a soul until I get the picture under way.

Reporter: It's a promise.

Cooper: I was just thinking. Persia, where Schoedsack & I made GRASS; Siam, where we made CHANG; and all the other colorful spots where we have made films—Borneo, Sumatra and the Archeipelago; no longer is there any mystery or hidden adventure in those places. Altho there are few spots left to explore, I can't give up the idea of making adventure films. And, this very obstacle—or the music—has made me dream again. And that dream is: If I had it in my power to plot the greatest adventure of a lifetime, one I could actually participate in, what would it be?

Reporter: Well, you'll have to answer your own riddles.

Cooper: It would be this. Half-way around the world, somewhere in the Malay waters, there would be an unexplored land known as Skull Island. On this Island would dwell a tribe of strange savages but not half so queer as their god whom they worship, a frightful god known to them as King Kong, a towering beast, 50' in height, who would have the power to crush a human being in the palm of his hand. To capture that animal & to bring him back to Broadway, New York, to my way of thinking, would be a swell adventure. I don't know what the details of the story would be, I only know that in the story I would have a crazy motion picture producer go in search of this monster. He would take with him a motion picture company which would include only one girl. This powerful beast, King Kong, who never in all his life had gazed on a beautiful thing, would be strangely attracted to this pretty white girl—

attracted to her, perhaps, as he might be to some frail but beautiful flower. In some manner I could bring this beast back to New York; and then the monster, thinking of this beautiful, human toy—but I'm telling too much of the story.

Reporter: I'm sorry I promised not to print this, Mr. Cooper. This would make a great news yarn. How about giving me permission to print it?

Cooper: I should say not! But, I'll tell you what I will do: as soon as King Kong becomes a reality & is walking around the RKO lot, ready for his debut in motion pictures, I'll let you break the story.

Reporter: That's OK with me. Give brother Kong my regards.

Ray Fernstrom: Behind us, the gray silhouette of needle-like buildings. Before us, The Narrows, many oceans, and somewhere far ahead lies romance, adventure, thrills amid a band of prehistoric creatures. A



KONG,
courtesy of Marcel Delgado.

ship rides at anchor by the pier. It is the *Venture*, manned by strange men & bound on a strange journey. In the dusk of a foggy dawn, the crew is going on board. There is Carl Denham, the film producer & soldier of fortune, portrayed by Robert Armstrong. He is accompanied by Anne Darrow, played by Fay Wray, whom he found on the sidewalks of New York. She is young, pretty—her eyes eager for the great experience that lies beyond the horizon. There goes Driscoll, the first mate, enacted by Bruce Cabot . . . and there's old Englehorn, the skipper of the craft, played by Frank Reicher.

Sound: GANGPLANK NOISES; RATTLE OF CHAINS; TUGBOAT WHISTLE.

Ray Fernstrom: They're taking in the gangplank; casting off the lines. They're heading out to sea. Farewell, New York—hello, adventure! Somewhere in the Malay waters, near the uncharted region of Skull Island. Thru the lowering fog can faintly be discerned the fantastic, grotesque

features of the tremendous skull, fashioned by nature from a towering mountain.

Sound: BABBLE OF UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICES; WEIRD CHANTING; SOUND OF TOM-TOMS AND THE ROAR OF "KING KONG." TOM-TOMS BEAT THRUOUT FOLLOWING SPEECH:

Ray Fernstrom: From the shore comes the weird chant of many babbling voices & the rhythmic monotone of tom-toms. The fog lowers & thru the jungle growth can be seen a thousand black warriors, participating in a weird, native ceremony.

Sound: BABBLING VOICES. THE SOUND OF TOM-TOMS CONTINUES THRUOUT FOLLOWING SPEECH

Ray Fernstrom: The half-naked Blacks, thousands of them, are forming in a giant circle about a young native girl, clothed in beads & resplendent raiment. It is a weird ceremony indeed. *Ani saba Kong!*—meaning in the tribal language, "She is the bride of Kong." The natives are now paying homage in music to the girl captive.

Orchestra: JUNGLE CHANT.

Ray Fernstrom: Adventure, death, romance & thrills have gone hand in hand. Months have flown by. And the good ship *Venture* has sailed away with her guarded secret, a secret that will amaze you when you see KING KONG. Next—New York Harbor. The *Venture* sails into port; a great expedition comes to a close.

Sound: CHEERING VOICES; TUGBOAT WHISTLES; SWISHING WATER.

Ray Fernstrom: Thousands of men & women crowd the dock. They have heard the report that King Kong was captured & is abroad the boat in chains. The band welcomes home Carl Denham, a native son, with the Anthem of New York City. The parade starts up Broadway—from the Battery to Times Square—with Ann, Denham & Driscoll riding in open cars. Confetti flies from windows—hats are in the air—the band is playing. And so they march along. And it's time for me to go.

Announcer: We again wish to introduce Mr. Merian C. Cooper, who has a word to say concerning those who assisted him and Ernest B. Schoedsack in the production of KING KONG. Mr. Cooper:

Cooper: Ladies & gentlemen: This program would be incomplete without Schoedsack & myself expressing our grateful appreciation to the men & women who so ably assisted in the making of KING KONG. We are especially indebted to the late & talented Edgar Wallace, who collaborated in preparing the basic story of KING KONG. Our thanks also go to Willis O'Brien, Hollywood's most noted technical expert; and James Ashmore Creelman & Ruth Rose who wrote the screenplay. Mr. O'Brien is here in the studio with us. He is a



Kong's biggest battle, the knockout heard 'round the world.

WOB

Kong fights the slimy serpent from the grotto lagoon as Bruce Cabot takes refuge behind rock.

WOB





Twin Kongs on the Konga Line! From out of the Time Vault, 30 years ago, this fabulous never-before-seen shot of King Kong and his shadow when the most famous artificial ape in the world was brand-newly constructed.

WOB



The Maestro Himself—WILLIS O'BRIEN—with one of his later creations, Mighty Joe Young. Shown here with O'B are 4 of the identical Good Joes built by Marcel Delgado.

scholar on the subject of anthropology & has spent more than 20 years in the study of prehistoric life. I want you to meet this man who has labored for more than 2 years in making KING KONG become a reality, Mr. O'Brien!

Willis O'Brien: Thank you, Mr. Cooper. I left the projection room here at the studio a few minutes ago where I saw our completed handiwork—KING KONG. In the near future, it will be showing in your city. It will take you about 2 hours to see it. Two hours! Into that finished product of 2 hours, we have crammed many years of hard work in an effort to bring to you something entirely new—the conflict of prehistoric creatures with modern man & civilization. Speaking for myself, KING KONG represents the goal of more than 20 years. For that long a time—and that is a long time in motion pictures—I have delved into bygone periods, studied the life of animals long before the descent of man, preparing myself for the day when someone would dare to reproduce on the screen the giant beasts that once ruled the world. Without knowing it, I was waiting for KING KONG. That is the picture for which I have studied 20 years. I feel it has been worth the long years of research. And I hope you, too, will feel the same way after seeing KING KONG. Thank you. **END**

Marcel Delgado creating the very tree trunk on which the Carl Denham crew was trapped & a couple of the men fell off the log into the spider pit when Kong shook it. We have the foto of the censored Giant Spider and will reveal it to you here, in these pages, exclusively Next Issue!!!



You Asked For It:
Interviewed in the "Ack

the AMAZING

YOUR editor's favorite film—of any kind and of all time—is **METROPOLIS**. In this futuristic fantasy there is a caption something like "In the center of the city stood an old house", and then we see the ancient dwelling of the inventor Rotwang. Amidst the towers of Tomorrow, the advanced architectural miracles of the 21st Century, the grotesque ghettoesque hut looks more like a haven for the Golem than a home for Thea von Harbou's answer to Ralph 124C41+. The baroque bungalow looks like a somehow survival from the Age of the Alchemists.

You get somewhat the same anachronistic jolt when you first come upon the house where Forrest J Ackerman (he prefers his name spelled without a period after the J) would hang his hat—if he ever wore one. Not that the house is *that* old—its owner believes it to have been built about 35 years ago, and he has lived in it since 1951—but the keynote of the neighborhood is freshly con-

structed two-story ultra-modern apartments, and then unexpectedly you arrive at this fairly old-fashioned Spanish-type cottage dwarfed between two big recently erected multiplexes. ("And the crazy thing is," your host says later on, "I don't even particularly *like* Spanish architecture. But the house & its location are perfect for my purposes.")

The House, from the outside, is deceptively small. Actually, it has 10 rooms, a backporch and a basement—all devoted to fantasy and films. It is painted predominately green with a dark brown trim. Ackerman tells us at one point in our interview that many years ago his favorite color combination was green and brown, and that he even had his two-tone typewriter ribbons specially inked this autumnal way instead of the conventional black and red. "I still like a peaceful green," he says, "and it has the added significance for me of being the color of the Esperanto star, but I've found myself increasingly attracted to red & gold in re-



FM's Editor Viewed &
ermansion of Horrorwood

Photography by Prize Winning WALTER J. DAUGHERTY,
assisted on Lights by John Andrews

ACKERMONSTER

cent years. Psychologically, I don't know just what this connotes—maybe that I've changed from a mild young man to an angry old one."

There is no inkling from the outside of the house of the incredible treasures everywhere displayed on the inside

But you know from the beginning that This Must Be The Place because of the huge scarlet reflective three-dimensional initials—*FJA*—which dominate the south end of the garden wall. Then, too, there is the biggest brightest (golden) mailbox you have ever seen, hanging on a rustic wooden gate (which apparently has not been closed to the public in years), the box again identified with the initials, and at the moment overflowing with the morning mail, many of the pieces bearing interesting postage stamps from Germany, Japan, France and other parts of the world with which he is in constant communication.

Yes, this must be the place for there is a doormat at the entrance

declaring *Ackermansion*, and on the door itself, gold and black letters spelling out *SCI FI*.

external observations

I forgot to mention that paralleling the pathway leading to the door, half hidden in a Tarzan jungle of lush ferns, are a half a dozen or more cute cats, fashioned of metal, painted black, with wiry whiskers and eyes made of green ground glass. I forgot to ask ye ed if the flora included any wolfbane but I wouldn't put it past him to have some growing in the garden.

A neatly typed notice is taped on the front door:

"Attention, YOUNG MONSTER & SCI-FI FANS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD:

"When you call after school I am liable to be busy on a long distance



Bela Lugosi, Robert Bloch, George Pal, Ray Bradbury, Ray Harryhausen and well over 1000 other members of the Imagi-Nation have stepped thru these portals since the inauguration of the Ackermansion in 1951. Now it's your turn to meet the host.



WELCOME MONSTOURS, reads the neon sign in the window, which FJA explains is Ackermanese for "our monsters." Gentleman prominently seen in the framed foto is Forry's far-famed friend Hugo Gernsback, the Father of Scientifiction. Other items of interest displayed on the piano (which Forry plays): the autograph of Thomas Alva Edison, early rocket stamps, 6 spesmiloj (Esperanto coins), a global clock given him in 1957 by the Science Fiction Club Deutschland when he was Guest of Honor at the First Big German S.F. Convention. (Note curtains drawn during daylight hours—a practice acquired from Dr. Acula during Forry's youth in Transylvania.)

phone call to New York . . . or in a conference with a couple of clients . . . or deep in concentration at the typewriter . . . or down in the basement, filing . . . or upstairs, photographing . . . or even napping, as I frequently must work thru the nite till 3, 4 or 5am. So: the only time I can really see any of you, briefly, is on weekends. Try Sats or Suns OK?—FJA"

Pencilled on the notice were the anguished protests "No!", "no", "NO", "no!"—tragic evidence of suicidal despair on the part of four frustrated monster visitors

You wonder what kind of an ego-maniac lives within, what sort of extrovert who starts publicizing his personality on the exterior of his house—with reminders all the way up to the front door. And you wonder how old this FJA must really be? True, you see a photo of him in practically every issue of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* and *SPACEMEN*, but it is a common observation that he seems to be looking younger now than he did five years ago, and you wonder if that is because his publisher keeps printing progressively earlier pictures? Considering that you've heard everything from that he was a friend of H. G. Wells to a rumor that in the early 30's he took

a trip all over the United States to meet science fiction fans, you are prepared not to be surprised if indeed a white-haired and bespectacled man answers your ring. (Incidentally, later on he sets you straight that "any friendship with HG Wells was highly exaggerated—I never had more than the privilege & pleasure of hearing him lecture once in my life & securing his autograph on one of my books afterward & shaking hands with him up on the stage. As for a fan-meeting trip I'm purported to have taken across the country in the 30s, it never happened. For one thing, I wouldn't have had the money in those days—or the nerve. Difficult as it seems for me to believe now, I literally *trembled* all the way across the country when I was traveling on the train to New York for the first time in 1939 to attend the First World Science Fiction Convention, out of fear not that I would be called upon to make a speech but merely that, just like some of the people in the audience at an Ed Sullivan program, I would be asked to rise from my seat a moment to be recognized. You see, at that time I had quite a reputation as a letter writer to the science fiction magazines. It was a tossup between a young Chicagoan and myself, a Jack

Darrow, as to which was the best known fan in the country." You feel you are in the presence of an intrinsically honest man and you appreciate his forthrightness.)

But at this point you haven't met him yet, you've still to get your first look at The Real FJA. Well, only one way to find out about his actual appearance: you push the doorbell and hold your breath.

mr. monster in person

You have not long to wait you do not get blue in the face

Just as you are noticing and examining closer a small color photo affixed to the front door, a photo of a smiling man seated, with hand outstretched toward the world, against a background of an entire wall ablaze with a colorful collection of books, a pleasantly modulated masculine voice sounds at your left. "Yes?" And for the first time you're aware of, almost camouflaged by a South Sea islander type of carved wooden mask, the grille of an intercom system.

"Mr. Linden to see you."

"Just a moment," the invisible voice reassures.

And in just a moment the door to the Ackermansion swings wide and you are greeted by the life-size (6 ft 1 in., 175 lbs.) three-dimensional flesh and blood original of the photo on the door. The man is still smiling, although now he is standing rather than sitting, and his hand is indeed outstretched in friendly welcome. His grip is firm and sincere. You know it's impossible but at first glance it strikes you that he might be no more than 35. Later, after a closer inspection; the wrinkles around his very blue (very myopic) eyes, the lines in his high forehead, the gray hairs here and there among the wavy dark blonde; you revise your estimate upward to early forties. You are surprised, then, eventually, when he tells you he is "on the twilight side of 45", will in fact be 47 this birthday—November 24th.

At one point in his interview it comes out that he has no belief in astrology.

"I'm told that my grandfather pushed me thru crowds in a baby carriage, a flag waving in my pudgy infant hands, to celebrate the Armistice, the end of World War I in 1918."

war of the worlds

War wise, Forry, as he made it perfectly plain he prefers to be called, served 3 years 5 months and 29 days in the Army during World War II, rising to the rank of a Staff Sergeant and functioning as an editor of a military newspaper which was annually judged to be #2 out of 2000 contestants. "I ran a lot of science fiction in that paper," he remembers; "and fantasy."

An intelligent (Army IQ gradation 131) non-conformist, Forry was not overly enthusiastic about authoritarian military rules, regulations and restrictions. "Frankly," he reminisces with a wince, "those were the longest years of my life. I felt like I was serving an interminable sentence for a crime I never committed. I frequently felt at the mercy of idiots I wouldn't let into my home or tell the time of day in civilian life but who in this special set of circumstances held my life in the bomb of their hands."

Forry had a very fine young brother, Alden, who, not yet quite 21, was killed on New Year's Day 1944 in "The Battle of the Bulge"

Forry says that to this day, 20 years after the fact, he still has frequent nightmares that he is trapped in the Army again. "In those days I was involved with *real* monsters," he avers, in a way that leaves some doubt as to whether he is referring to the enemy or his "superiors".

a monster's appetite

"Would you care for a cup of coffee or some fruit juice?" Forry offered. I accepted a glass of orange juice, in which he joined me, and this led to my next inquiry:

"What are some of your favorite foods? I imagine your readers would like to know your tastes."

"No gourmet, I," he laughed. "Just an All-American Boy appetite. Hamburgers, hotdogs, steaks, malts, coffee, pies—stuff like that . . ." As he talked he walked, sometimes with hands in pockets, staring at the floor in concentration and then swiftly bringing his glance up to meet my own. At other times he stood, arms akimbo; or sat—almost sprawled—in a chair, or comfortably, unconventionally, threw one leg over the arm of a chair. Sometimes he closed his eyes when he talked, put one hand over his face, crooked one finger and tapped the end of his nose with it or held it against the shaved clean portion of his upper lip dividing his neatly trimmed mustache. Sometimes he sat with his hands clasped behind his head and at other times he hugged himself with his arms. At all times he seemed completely unselfconscious and relaxed. Sometimes he spoke in a kind of careless modern slang, a 'hip' fashion, with deliberate double negatives, "ain'ts", and so on, and at other times in very literate English with

forceful phraseology and interesting imagery. . .

"I love Navy bean soup," he continued, "vegetable soup & clam chowder; turkey (white meat only, please, with plenty of brown gravy & savory dressing) and broiled chicken; fruit salad & vegetable salad drowned in French dressing; meat loaf, spaghetti & meatballs, corn on the cob, raw carrots, apples, oranges; pies of most any kind (except pecan, lemon & rhubarb), most especially custard & cocoanut cream, chocolate, boysenberry & pumpkin with whipcream. I like Chinese food & potatoes in any form but baked. Maple-syrupped hotcakes & waffles with bacon or sausage—love 'em. I do not like *any* carbonated drinks, liver, or eggs in any form. I love peanuts & buttered popcorn & chocolate with nuts & any kind of chewy candies & just about any flavor of ice cream ever made—with especial emphasis on hot fudge sundaes drooling with whipcream & drenched with chopped nuts. I love but seem in the past few years to have become allergic to bananas.

"Of course," he concludes, "this recital of mouth-watering calorific delights has an O. Henry horror-ending: those are the things I *like* but I am exhibiting my Won't Power nowadays by not eating most of the fattening things I crave but winning the Battle of the Bulge by a voluntary self-discipline lo-cal diet of cottage cheese, fruit, hamburger patties & black coffee. . ."

An old Ackermanian Custom: approximately 3 weeks before the issue goes on sale, Forry receives an advance copy of the cover of *FM* from Publisher Jim Warren, and promptly affixes it to the side paneling of his piano. Asphyxiated gentleman (head) on top of piano is full color wax model of Dick Smith's TV Dorian Gray, as recreated by talented 15-year-old monster fan friend of Forry's, Dan Jenkins.





Even the basement of the Ackermansion is utilized. Posters from FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA, THE MUMMY, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, SUPERMAN and other thrillers line the walls leading to the "beast cellar." Here FJA adds a painting to his collection, the KING KONG cover created for FM No. 6 by Albert Nuetzell.

the incredible non-drinking man

"And your favorite alcoholic beverages?" I asked. I just somehow naturally assumed that a 46-year-old man who had served 3½ years in the Army and lived most of his life in the motion picture capital would as a matter of course take a drink now and then, but again Forry sur-

prised me. "I don't drink," he said. "Not even wine?"

"Not even wine. I never have drunk. Technically that is not true: I was drunk once in my entire life but that was practically 20 years ago. Once was too much and I'm sorry I spoiled my record."

"Do you mind if I smoke?" I asked, little dreaming of the lecture I would get in return.

"I'll be honest with you," he replied. "Since you asked me: Yes, I'd

mind. I don't smoke myself. But I want to point out something crystal clear: I have never in the nearly 13 years I have lived here asked anyone to refrain from smoking *because I personally dislike it*. I could give you a list as long as a brontosaurus' tail of what I have against smoking but I don't wish to criticize a guest's habits. I hate to appear inhospitable, nevertheless I'm afraid I'm going to be forced to make an unpopular decision very soon & request friends & visitors to consider the Ackermansion off-limits to tobacco. For this reason: it's true you're in a private home, here; but at the same time this has become a kind of shrine for science fiction fans, a Shangri-La for monster lovers. My entire home—basement thru top floor; livingroom, diningroom, kitchen, backporch, even the double garage & its annex—everything here, as you've observed, is like a museum. Theaters, libraries, museums all have their rules & regulations, and No Smoking is one of them. In 37 years of collecting I have accumulated somewhere in the neighborhood of 25,000 fantastic books, magazines, paintings, stills, manuscripts, autographs, records, props—everything anyone interested in fantasy could hope to see. Stories in French, German, Japanese, Scandinavian, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, Gaelic, Greek, Yugoslavian, Russian, Dutch, Esperanto. Year by year the collection becomes more valuable—its current worth has been estimated at around \$150,000. It is virtually un-insurable—and as sure as fate irreplaceable. I think anyone would hate to have it on their conscience that their careless match or cigaret caused this repository to catch fire & my files of stills on PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, METROPOLIS, FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA, KING KONG, THINGS TO COME, LON CHANEY, BELA LUGOSI'S scrapbooks—well, you get the picture. I hate to have to appear unhospitable"—here he unconsciously repeated himself—"but I am trying to protect & preserve all this for posterity and I hope all concerned can understand & cooperate."

I frankly would have enjoyed the interview more had I been permitted to puff on my pipe but I must also admit that I would not care to go down in monsterdom history as the man who burned down the modern science-fantasy equivalent of the Alexandrian Library. . .

some \$64,000 questions

"Speaking of preserving all this," I said, "haven't I heard that every time you fly you insure your life for \$100,000 and the policy, if paid off, would go toward the perpetuation of your home and your hobby?"

"That's substantially correct," he



Making notes in the diningroom. Visible on the east wall are the original Claude Rains Phantom of the Opera cover painting (FM No. 10) by Basil Gogos, a foto of Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS robotrix, a concept of Olaf Stapledon's Odd John copied by Albert Nuetzell, an Edd Cartier original black-&-white illustration (the doll) from *Unknown* magazine, a multi-color metallic brontosaurus redrawn by Albert Nuetzell from Frank R. Paul's original concept in *SCIENCE & INVENTION* magazine for A. Merritt's serialized novel "The Metal Emperor," a color foto of Dick Smith's Dorian Gray and a portion of a pastel cover for an ancient *Weird Tales* drawn by Margaret Brundage.

said, "but you're a bit behind on your figures. Nowadays it's possible to purchase a \$300,000 insurance policy on your life while in a plane and I always buy the maximum. I'd invest in a \$500,000 jackpot; if it were possible, a million. I have no morbid desire to find myself nose-diving from 5 miles up, to be impaled on the North Pole; but if my number should come up in an airplane and I had any final few moments of consciousness to contemplate my imminent end I think I'd take comfort & satisfaction in the thot that at least the world of science fiction, fantasy & imaginative movies was going to benefit greatly financially by my accidental passing."

I must confess I found the concept rather gruesome but I suppose it does possess a certain sort of macabre logic.

I wondered if he meant anything special by the avoidance term "passing" rather than the direct "death", and took him up on it. "No," he replied; "just a figure of speech. I don't regard dying as passing to any place I don't believe in an astral plane and I don't believe in reincarnation I have no belief that the person-

Diningroom. Forry places stuffed bat (given him by friend Dick Sheffield) above statuette of Bela Lugosi (given him by friend Bela Lugosi). Autograph of Lugosi is seen at lower right of statuette; above, original Nuetzell painting of Lugosi as the leader of Dr. Moreau's manimals, used as cover on FM No. 5. To left & right of Lugosi painting, copies of Virgil Finlay work by Nuetzell, for, respectively, A. Merritt's "Snake Mother" & "The Face in the Abyss." Left of Forry, on door leading to basement: original Edd Cartier illustration from *Unknown*.





This is a kitchen? In dinette, Forry carves stuffed alligator, a present from fan Jose R. Mass of New Orleans.

ality known as Forrest J Ackerman will survive in any way, shape or spirit form after death, so better photograph me & tape me while I'm still available!"

ack's-plosion

Risking an explosion I now asked Forry my loaded question

"What do you think of *other* monster magazines?"

"Must I?" he grimaced, but, as always, there was an irrepressible merry twinkle in his eye. I think he missed his calling: with a red nose, white beard and 50 pounds of padding, Forry would have been perfectly typecast as a perennial Santa Claus.

But now he became genuinely serious, more obviously affected than at any other time during the interview. I could tell what his attitude was going to be before he voiced it. "I'll be frank with you," he continued. "I don't much care for them. And probably not for the reasons you think I'm not jealous, I'm not envious, I'm not worried. Perhaps I should fall back on the old cliché & say 'imitation is the sincerest form of flattery' but that would be sophistry on my part. I don't consider any of the others competition in the sense that

they might take dollars & cents away from *FAMOUS MONSTERS*. I am entirely too self-confident, sold on the merits of my own product, to take any of the others seriously as monetary rivals. I don't think it's egoism or conceit when I say I honestly can't conjure up a vision of many filmonster fans standing at a newsstand, confronted by *FM* and a couple of other titles, with only enough money to purchase one, and buying a title other than *FM*. Most of the past & present imitations have been—*are*—very poor, uninspired hackwork as far as I'm concerned. Amateurish, unprofessional, obviously produced primarily with the hope of making money, with no genuine knowledge of or care for the field of imaginative movies.

"I look at it like this: there's *LIFE*, and then there's *Look*. The latter's a good book—I happen to subscribe to both—and I imagine a number of people pick each of them up off the newsstands, just as many people buy 2 newspapers because no single one contains all the features they want. But if out of monetary necessity it narrowed down to a single choice, *LIFE* would always be up there—#1. just as there's Coca-Cola and then the other cola drinks; Cadillac as the standard of automobile excellence, and the other cars. About 400 letters per issue, prices like \$7.50

apiece paid for early back issues, phone calls from enthusiasts 3000 miles away—these & many other tributes have convinced me ours is the superior product.

"Visiting fans seem surprised from time to time when they find I have a file of back & current copies of *all* the filmonster magazines. First of all, they fail to comprehend that I'm a completist, collecting the good with the bad. Some filmonsterzines I feel have done—and this unfortunately is not all in the past tense—the cause of monster movies more harm than good. And I have rarely been more insulted than when asked if I get the other monster magazines *in order to get ideas from them!* Believe me—*NO!!* It should be blindingly obvious to the blindest bat by now *who* gets ideas from *whom*. The last thing I look at other monster magazines for is to get any ideas. More ideas I already got than I can conveniently get quickly into print. I always regret when I find another m.m. tackling something I intended to cover because I feel they inevitably do an inferior job & would rob my depth-&-perspective treatment of some of its freshness. I trembled for fear somebody would tackle a Harryhausen biography or the *METROPOLIS* story before I had the opportunity. One of 'the others', if it's any satisfaction to their staff, spoiled a great Filmbook potential for everybody by a good, as far as it went, but incomplete coverage of a fine Karloff film.

"Also, time & again I have found the others presenting as something new something that I did a definitive treatment on years ago. They even reprint fotos that I featured as far back as the first issue! And they do things that I despise, like—do you remember *World Famous Creatures?*"

I had to admit that I didn't, only having become acquainted with the filmonster magazine field with the 9th issue of *FM*, by which time *WFC* had seen its fourth and final issue. Forry went and got the issue in question for me. "Look!" he cried. "This is the sort of deception I'm talking about. *Bela Lugosi's Life Story* it blurbs on the cover. When you've paid your money & got tricked inside, what do you find? *Less than 500 words and 2 lousy pictures of Bela!* Compare that with the 10 pages and 10 pictures of him I ran in 'Public Vampire #1', which didn't even purport to be his Life Story!"

Forry was now considerably worked up. Remembering a certain Japanese production, I wondered if I was going to witness an in-person split into a Manster?

"I don't practice such deceptions on my readers and I know they appreciate it. It's harder, of course, to locate someone you want to interview, set up an appointment, drive to them, spend time taking notes &



In "the little den." The one room in the house where you might be able to trade or talk Forry out of something, or buy a still, poster, pressbook or filmbook (but no back issues of FM or SM) from the few duplicate copies he has assembled there.

transcribing them later; harder to report the truth than fake an interview with a false air of intimacy. like 'Dear Elsa, she was such a doll that lovely afternoon your roving reporter talked with her at length in her Bel-Air swimming pool' (at last a use for one of those ball-points that writes under water), and then the Roving Reporter, if indeed he ever talked with Elsa Lanchester at all about her role in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, proceeds to quote from some 30-year-old handout of a pressbook. As my publisher has frequently remarked, "This is the juvenile approach to journalism, not the journeyman job of a pro." I saw Willis O'Brien's widow 4 times to

get the material you'll soon see & read about on GWANGI, WAR EAGLES, KING KONG, KONG vs. FRANKENSTEIN, etc., and Marcel Delgado twice (so far) for the LOST WORLD story & other prehistoric scoops."

inside darkest ackerman

Aiming for the Ackpot (it's contagious!) I asked.

"And, er, what do you think of Ron Haydock, who used to do your Graveyard Examiner, bringing out a magazine like yours?"

You would have thought the Abominable Snowman just walked into the room the way the temperature dropped 250 degrees. Rather than blowing his top, Forry went all icy. "Bittersville, boy," he said; "bittersville. I created my own Frankenstein Jr. in Haydock. But note the diminutive form: I only said a Frankenstein *junior grade*. I am not concerned about his publication destroying its inspirator

"Otherwise, no comment.

"If I have learned anything at all in the years as agent, author & editor, I hope it is to steer clear of fruitless feuding, to fortify myself against the fannish disease of futile forensics & devote my energies in-



Forry rests an elbow on his red IBM Selectric (the electric typewriter with the floating ball) while discussing KONG feature on phone with Darlyne O'Brien, widow of the late Willis.

stead to the more rewarding endeavors of professional achievements in which all may share

"Next question?"

"Well, off the record, Forry, what is your opinion of your publisher?"

warren for president

"I have no off-the-record opinion of Jim Warren. My opinion of him is for the public record & it is a longplay record with a well-worn groove: *I think he is the best thing that ever happened in my life.* He 'saved' my life, in a way; he certainly changed it radically for the better. I had a miserable rotten time of it as a literary agent for nearly 15 years, eking out a peanut butter existence while trying to cope with the eccentricities of a number of nutty

editors & neurotic clients. I was a splintered man, irritated, angry, frustrated while trying to earn a living off 10% of about 100 other people. I was around & ready in 1948; even in 1938, I think the world might have had its first movie monster magazine if any publisher had had the foresight to offer me the editorship of it, but it wasn't till 1958 (actually late '57) that someone came along & took a \$30,000 chance on me—a gambler that paid off at the bucks office

"And that benefactor—bless him was Jim Warren"

to be concluded

Don't fail to get our next—our Big 25th—issue, when Paul Linden, in the first interview of this length & detail that Forry Ackerman has giv-

en in years, continues until he has covered such subjects as

Forry's favorite fantasy films

His pet peeves (picture-wise & personal)

His favorite motion picture personalities (other than horror stars)

His tastes in music...

How he almost became editor of *Unknown Worlds*

Amusing anecdotes

Little known facts...

A day in the life of FJA

And—special!—ASK FORRY A QUESTION YOURSELF! Rush a question—short & sensible—to Dept. IDA (Inside Darkest Ackerman, FAMOUS MONSTERS, 1426 E. Washington Lane, Philadelphia 38, Penna. Forry will personally pick & personally answer a baker's dozen (13) of the inquiries he finds the most interesting, directing the answers to you by name. This, as we once would have said in the *Bad Old Days* of 101 Puns Per Page, is your Ghoulden Opportunity, so Op to It! **END**

...now

if you
would like
to meet
Mr. Monster
in person,
turn this page...

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MEET THE EDITOR OF FAMOUS MONSTERS ON HIS FABULOUS PERSONAL APPEARANCE CROSS-COUNTRY TOUR!

How Would You Like MISTER MONSTER IN YOUR OWN HOME?!

IF, in the 20s **Lon Chaney** had made a cross-country tour, visiting his legions of fans, bringing his make-up kit with him—

IF, in the 30s, **Hugo Gernsback** had set out to personally meet 100s of the sciencfiction enthusiasts he had created with his magazines **AMAZING STORIES & SCIENCE WONDER**—

IF, in the 40s, **Bela Lugosi** had donned his vampire cape & you had opened your door to find him standing there, announcing "I am Count Dracula. . ."

IF, in the 50s, **Boris Karloff** had come to **your** house with tana leaves & autographed your copy of "Frankenstein"—

Could it possibly have caused more



commotion, been any more thrilling, unlikely, unimaginable, than **FORREST J ACKERMAN** coming into your own home to visit YOU?

Forry may not be Bela Lugosi or Hugo Gernsback but he has entertained these great men in his own home. He has, as you well know, met & interviewed Boris Karloff. He will be bringing with him, to show you, the French film magazine that inspired **FAMOUS MONSTERS**, our first issue (in case you've never seen this collectors' item), Bela Lugosi's own Dracula ring, Forry's private files of Lon Chaney make-ups and **METROPOLIS** stills & fotos from **KING KONG** . . . and what else would YOU like to see?

This is something I couldn't order my Editor to do. Or pay him to do. I'm not even sure I want him to.

But he's astounded me by volunteering to!

Forry is nearing the mid-century mark, you know. He should be slowing down, taking life easier, so he'll last another quarter century. I'm sure we all want **FM** to continue with Forry's magic touch for the next 25 years. He's missed only one World Science Fiction Convention since they began in 1939 and that was because his Father died in 1951 when Forry was on his way to New Orleans so he returned home to join his family. Come the end of August, he should be getting into a jet, several hours later stepping out refreshed & relaxed in Washington, DC, ready to enjoy himself at this year's Convention. Instead, he's going to set out at the beginning of Aug., a month in advance, by auto, driving 6000 miles back & forth across the USA, specifically so he can call on every possible filmmonster fan!

"I want to emphasize," says Forry, "that I will have nothing to sell. I am not taking subscriptions to our magazines, bringing out-of-print issues, accepting orders for masks, offering stills for sale . . . nothing. This trip has no commercial purpose."

He adds: "And—Moms—you don't even have to feed the monster!"

Here's how it will work & what you must do if you want to see Forry:

He will leave from Los Angeles on Friday the 2d of August. He can go via the southern route, thru principal places like San Bernardino, Calif.; Phoenix, Globe or Tucson, Ariz.; lower New Mex.; El Paso, Abilene, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Texas; thru northern Louisiana; Jackson, Mississippi; Montgomery, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia; Asheville, N. Carolina; Roanoke, Virginia; Harrisburg, Penna; and on into NYC.

Or, from San Bernardino, Calif., he can proceed thru Victorville & Barstow to Needles, Ariz.; and Kingman, Ashfork, Flagstaff, Winslow, Gallup, Albuquerque, Santa Rosa, Tucumcari, New Mex.; Amarillo, Shamrock, Texas; Clinton, Okla. City, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Joplin, Springfield, St. Louis, Missouri; Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Indiana; Columbus, Ohio; Wheeling, W. Virginia; Harrisburg, Pa.;—NYC.

Or, in Nevada, he could pass thru Las Vegas; in Utah, Cedar City, Provo, Salt Lake City. He could drive thru Denver or Topeka, Wichita or Omaha, Kansas City or Chicago. It all depends on you. And he doesn't care if YOU are 8 or 80, male or female, android or robot, black or white or polka dot, or—but don't deliberately break a leg to insure a visit—he would go out of his way to make sure he didn't miss an invalid.

Your "votes" will decide Forry's route. All it costs to "vote" is your time & a brief note. No need to write a long letter.

Do not write unless you will be home the entire month of August and could see Forry any day between 9 in the morning and 7 in the evening. Plainly print—or preferably typewrite—your name, age, phone number, address, where you are in relation to the nearest major city, and directions for getting to your home. It is desirable but not necessary that you include a foto of yourself. Say how many, if any, other monster fans will be at your address. (It will be perfectly fine to invite in a number of neighborhood friends for the occasion, if you like.)

Forry will be glad to autograph your magazines for you, answer questions, talk on your tape recorder if you like, look at anything along the monster line which you may care to show him, including, if he has the time, home-made movies.

There is, obviously, absolutely no way to predict how long he may be able to stay at any one place. It may be an hour, it may be no more than 15 minutes. He will try to cover 200 miles a day & while he obviously cannot zig & zag across the whole United States he will be quite willing to detour 10 or 15 miles off the beaten path to visit you if you live, say, on a farm outside of town.

A problem is envisioned with the big cities. Suppose he hears from 25 readers who want to meet him in City X. He cannot race all over a strange city spending 10 minutes with each fan. The sensible thing to do is have them all congregate in one place. If you live in a large house in a big city, check it out with your parents,

and if they would be willing for you to invite a couple of dozen other filmmonster fans to your home for the occasion, please so state in your letter. If you are chosen as the representative for City X, you will receive word in advance from Forry, and it will be your responsibility when the time comes to phone all the people in your city, inviting them to your house. You will first hear from Forry by mail (you Big City volunteers), giving you an approximate date when he expects to arrive; and you will hear from him again by special delivery or telegram about 48 hours before he is scheduled to appear.

Special notice to New York fans: Forry will spend one day in the Bronx, one in Brooklyn and one in Manhattan. Anyone in Brooklyn and the Bronx willing to have an Open House for Forry and fellow filmmonster lovers should include this information in their invitation (the Manhattan Open House will be held in a midtown hotel).

Everyone interested: write right away by airmail. Enclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. If you receive it back with only a free foto of Forry, you will know that he has regretfully had to take another route where he can visit more fans than if he had come your way.

Address your envelope to: **PROJECT 6000 FJA**, 915 South Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 35, California.

—JAMES WARREN
Publisher

Anyone who can't get to have Forry as a guest in their own home may wish to know that if they can possibly make it to Washington, DC, between Friday the 30th of Aug. & Mon. the 2d of Sept., he'll be attending the 21st World Science Fiction Convention there at the Hotel Statler-Hilton. He'll be glad to see you there and, in addition, you'll very likely see many other personalities known to you from the pages of **FM & SPACEMEN**, such as Robert Bloch, Donald A. Wollheim, Robt. Silverberg, Guest of Honor Murray Leinster, Wendayne Wahrman, Willy Ley, John W. Campbell, members of the Ragnarok Club, etc. Of course, I'll be there too. You'll have the time of your life & flip over the Masquerade Ball, so plan to attend if you possibly can. \$3 for membership & details from William H. Evans, Box 36, Mt. Rainier, Maryland. —J.W.

HALL OF FLAME

**Never To Be Forgotten Faces
in the Horror Hall of Fame**



The late Laird Cregar (above) plays his fiery finale at the end of **HANGOVER SQUARE** (20th-Fox 1945). Unfortunately, he died shortly after the film was finished. Incidentally interesting to note that Glenn (The Amazing Colossal Man) Langan had a role in the picture. At the left, is departed performer who surely needs no identification: the **Pride of Transylvania** as he appeared in person on the New York stage in **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, Lugosi Lives Eternal!



Kiko—SON OF KONG. The white-furred "baby" of the mighty ape-king himself. Created 30 years ago by the skilled hands of Marcel Delgado, animated by the master touch of Willis O'Brien.

The lamented Leslie Banks, brilliant British star of **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME** (RKO 1932) and **CHAMBER OF HORRORS** (1941).



Rando (The Creeper) Hatton, whose all-too-brief film career was cut short by death, as he appeared in **WILD JUNGLE CAPTIVE**.



WEREWOLF OF LONDON

Universal's Supreme
Shocker!

Directed by
CARL LAEMMLE

Starring

HENRY HULL
WARNER OLAND
VALERIE HOBSON

Lester Mathews • Spring Byington
Clark Williams • Lawrence Grant

Music by Robert Harris

Edited by
STUART WALKER

Produced by
STANLEY BERGERMAN
Robert Harris, Executive Producer

THE CAST

Dr. Michael
The Doctor
Eric Ellsworth
Paul Arant
Miss Edith
Hugh Bennett
Lady Farnham
Colonel Patterson
The Phillips
Machina
Black Country

HENRY HULL
WARNER OLAND
Valerie Hobson
Lester Mathews
Spring Byington
Clark Williams
Charlotte Granville
Lawrence Grant
Reginald Barlow
J. M. Kerrigan
Louis Vincent

An Historical Document
(20 April 1935)
of Horror

A Message from the
President of
Universal Pictures

When we produced WEREWOLF OF LONDON we gave it all the shock & goose-pimples we could jam into it.

Human nature is still the same as it has been for a thousand years. We love the thing that shocks us or sends a chill down the spine.

We fear it. We dread it. But we love it. WEREWOLF OF LONDON is a bloodcurdling thing.

It will give the unholy shivers to even the hardest boiled movie egg.

It is as gruesome as DRACULA—as startling as FRANKENSTEIN—as much of a soul-shocker as we know how to make.

But it is a glorious change from the Pollyanna pictures which you may have been using as a steady diet.

Showmanship consists largely in presenting the unusual, the unexpected—even the dreaded thing.

Henry Hull plays the title role.

Warner Oland contributes his usual weird, eerie stuff.

The rest of the cast was chosen for its peculiar ability to deliver the odd, the bizarre—the shock!

The settings, the lighting, the story—all are away from the routine.

The story could never happen and that's the very thing which will knock people somewhat goofy.

Here is a real thrill—a thing you will talk about and shudder about.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON is a freak of a shocker. We warn everybody to stay away . . . then watch them come in droves.

Carl Laemmle
Carl Laemmle

Terror in Tibet

TIBET. The far The distant The mysterious. Land of the lost horizons, of Shangri-La, of yeti the Abominable Snowman and of—the lycanthrope!

To this rugged mountain terrain comes Dr. Glendon (Henry Hull), a great floriculturist from London, lured by reports trickling back to civilization that a strange flower has been seen by travelers in this forbidding land, a nocturnal plant that unnaturally, takes its life not from the warming rays of the sun but from the coldness of lunar light. A plant of unusual appearance & unique qualities that blooms only at nite.

In a vast & rugged wasteland at the base of a mountain, Glendon's little caravan pitches its tents & huddles down for the freezing nite. Jagged rocks, silhouetted against the lowering sky, resemble the spiny





HENRY HULL as Dr. Glendon,
the man who turns Werewolf

back of a slumbering stegosaurus. The cold of this ancient, bleak & barren land is enough to chill the marrow, but another, even more icy element enters: the nearby howl of a lone-prowl wolf.

During the nite the impatient Dr. Glendon sets out to find the fabled Moon Flower, whose properties, it is believed, can combat the unholy affliction of lycanthropy. He discovers a lost world of floral fantasy, a weird valley where the moonlight itself seems to have crystallized. On the floor of this valley, like the cape of a Snow Queen, stretches a carpet of shimmering phosphorescent flowers. Their blooms seem to have absorbed the rays of the moon & now be reflecting them like an albinal *aurora borealis*.

Chapter 2

The Fatal Encounter

Other eyes are watching as Dr. Glendon surveys the domain of the *mariphasa* flower, eyes feral, blood-shot & filled with hatred for this intruder whose unwanted presence menaces the short supply of the



The one quick glimpse the film affords us, in the first reel, of Warner Oland as a werewolf.

Henry Hull (center), deep in the heart of mysterious Tibet, points the direction to where he believes the legendary Moon Flower may be found.





Adjusting the moon ray machine, the mechanism Dr. Glendon hopes will force the mariphasa to bloom.

priceless plant. We catch a brief half-glimpse at the owner of those eyes & it is enough to make us shudder. His coarse black animal-like hair bristles up on his head & flares at the sides, plunging in a triangular widow's-peak almost to the bridge of his wrinkled leathery nose. Bushy eyebrows streak wildly upward at 45° angles.

A flicker, and the apparition is gone, disappeared behind a concealing embankment of rocks.

Unaware of impending danger, Dr. Glendon makes for a particularly attractive specimen of the wolf-flower. As he reaches to pluck the plant

The werewolf strikes!

Snarling, the man-creature bites Dr. Glendon on the arm. He recoils in pain. And something greater—horror—for he knows that the bite of a mad dog can produce rabies, death from hydrophobia, but the bite of a werewolf contaminates a man with something worse than death.

Shaken by the experience, determined to tell no one of the curse that has befallen him, Dr. Glendon staggers back to the camp & eventually

makes his way home to London. He carefully transports with him that which has now become as precious to him as life itself, his only hope of normalcy—the mariphasa plant.

Chapter 3

A Disturbing Conversation

One day while he is busy in his laboratory Dr. Glendon has an unexpected caller, a visitor from the Tibetan valley of the shadow of—death. His appearance, mannerisms, veiled references puzzle the doctor, who cannot place just where he may have met this stranger before.

"Let me introduce myself again," says Warner Oland; "I am Dr. Yogami . . . like yourself a student & nurturist of plants."

"Did I understand you to say that we met in Tibet?" asks Dr. Glendon.

"Yes," replies the swarthy Asian, adding cryptically: "And unless I am mistaken we were both on a similar mission."

"Yes?" Glendon prods for more information.

"Would it be intrusive," Yogami continues with studied politeness, "if I should ask you if you were successful?"

Glendon is still evasive. "In what?"

"In obtaining a specimen of the *mariphasa lumina lupina*, the phosphorescent moonflower?"

Glendon is startled. "Why, you know?"

" . . . that it only blooms under the rays of the moon. My specimens died on the journey back."

"As a scientist, sir," Glendon challenges, "as a botanist, do you actually believe this flower takes its life from moonlight?"

"I do," Yogami answers.

"Well," Glendon states flatly, "so far I have been unsuccessful in persuading mine to bloom by moonlight or any other kind of light."

With almost pathetic concern Yogami asks, "Would you let me see them?"

But Glendon is cold, abrupt. "I am very sorry I'll have to ask you to excuse me," he says.

A Lecture on Lycanthropy

Yogami is persistent & a little later engages Glendon in an enlightening but frightening conversation.

"Werewolfry!" the sinister Asian declares "Lycanthropy is the medical term for the affliction I speak of."

"And you expect me to believe," derides Glendon, "that a man so afflicted actually becomes a wolf under the influence of the full moon?"

"No," Yogami replies with quiet conviction; "the werewolf is neither man nor wolf but a satanic creature"—he places special emphasis on the terminology—"a *satanic creature* with the worst qualities of both."

Glendon scoffs none-too-politely. "I'm afraid, sir, I gave up my belief in goblins & witches, personal devils and—er—werewolves, at the age of 7."

Yogami is undismayed. "But that does not alter the fact that in workaday modern London, today, at this very moment, there are 2 cases of

werewolfry known to me."

"And how did these unfortunate gentlemen contact this—medieval unpleasantness?" Glendon's tone, as always, is cynical.

Yogami is almost pale beneath his naturally dark exterior as he warns: "From the bite of another werewolf. *These men are doomed but for this flower the mariphasa*."

Chapter 5

Yogami Persists

Glendon strives desperately vainly, to force his mariphasa to blossom. "See that moon vine, that only blooms at nite," he points out to his caretaker, "if I've deceived that vine surely I can deceive mariphasa."

"I don't know, sir," the man replies skeptically. "I've got a feeling that mariphasy ain't a human plant, not like this vine."

A little later alone in his laboratory, adjusting his moon ray generator, the frustrated doctor almost swears at the reluctant plant. "These 2 buds should bloom before tonite!"

His ministrations to the mariphasa are interrupted by a call on his

closed-circuit vidiphone. On a miniature TV screen in his lab he observes Dr. Yogami at his door. Petulantly he declares, "Didn't they tell you I wasn't seeing anyone today?"

"I thought at least you might see me."

"Come another day—please."

"Another day would be too late. What will happen before morning I cannot say. Tonite is the first nite of the full moon."

"Still harping on that old wives' tale of yours, huh?"

"Would that it were an old wives' tale."

Face to face, Glendon asks Yogami pointblank: "What do you want of me?"

"Two blossoms from the mariphasa flower would save 2 souls tonite."

Glendon is startled. Dismay in his voice, he says: "I thought you said the mariphasa was a cure."

"No, an antidote—effective only for a few hours." Yogami continues: "Won't you let me see the results of your experiment?" All this time Glendon has kept him outside the door of the laboratory.

"I'm sorry. When my experiment has been completed I will show the

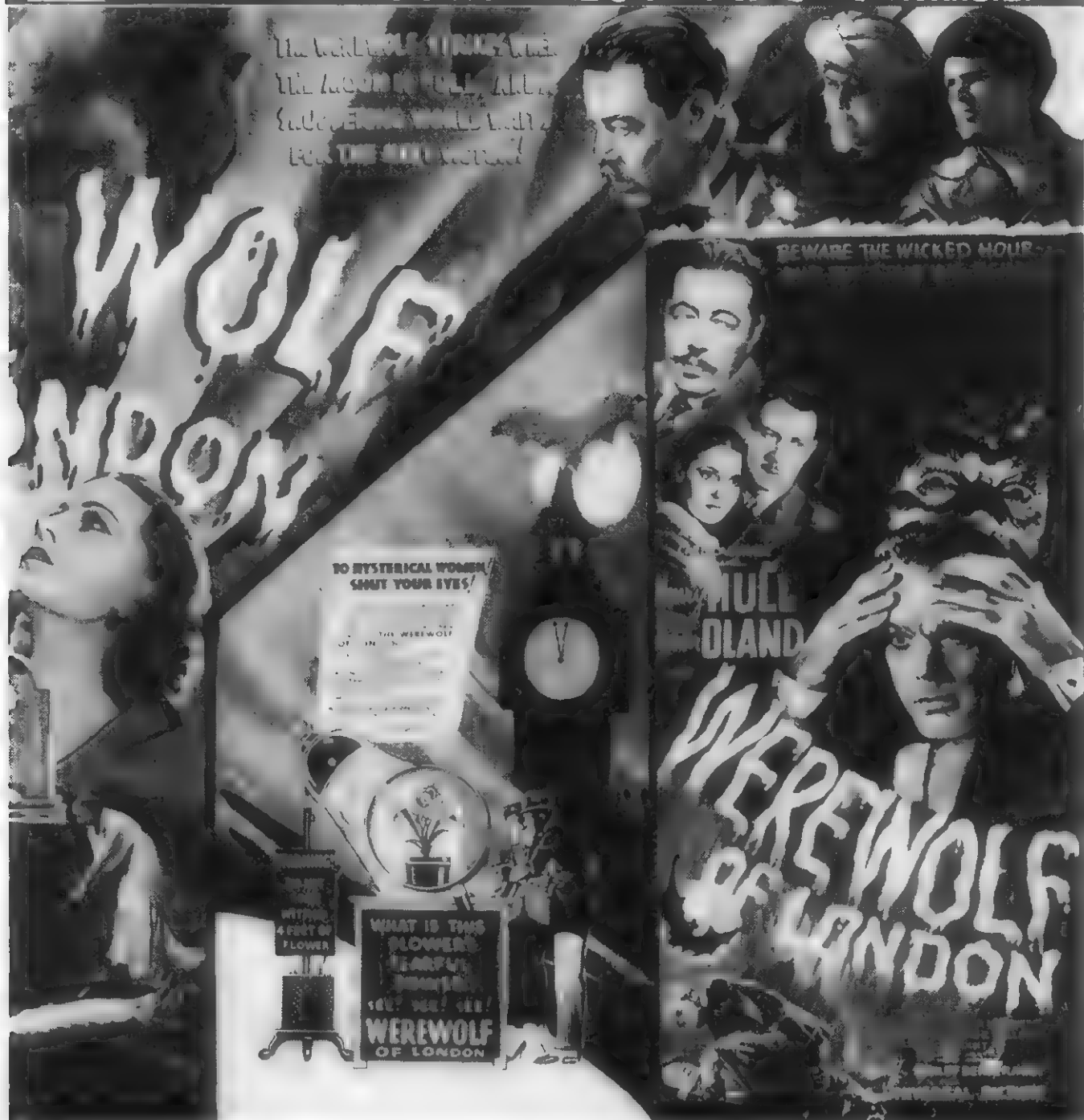
Behind the scenes foto showing Henry Hull posed in laboratory for his role as Dr. Glendon.



THE SHIVERY, SHUD "WEREWOLF" HENRY HULL • W



ODDERY SHOCKER! OF LONDON WITH ARNER OLAND





Alone in his study, the throbbing symptoms of lycanthropy begin to fever the forehead of doomed doctor.

results to the entire world, not before. And now, sir, I must wish you good day."

Yogami warns. "Remember this, Dr. Glendon: The werewolf instinctively seeks to kill the thing it loves best." And a last sinister word in parting: "Unless this rare flower is used tonite the werewolf must kill at least one victim every nite."

Chapter 6

The Terrible Transformation

Dr. Glendon settles himself apprehensively in his study, waiting & wondering what will happen when the full moon rises. His wife Lisa (Valerie Hobson), entering the room & finding it in semi-darkness, switches on a light. Her husband's immediate outburst startles her.

He apologizes. "Sorry, darling, I've been putting some medicine in my

eyes & the light hurts them." But when she is not quick enough to suit him in turning off the lights, he explodes: "Put out those lights, put out those beastly lights, I tell you!"

Insulted by his attitude, his wife leaves him alone, departing for an evening's entertainment with an old friend (Lester Matthews as Paul Ames) who many years before had been her unsuccessful suitor.

By firelight, Dr. Glendon sits in a chair trying to compose himself, to organize his thoughts.

Suddenly, his cat's ears prick up. As he looks uncomprehendingly at his pet it arches its back, spats & leaps away from him.

The ominous musical background becomes more dramatic.

He glances at his hand, is horrified to see that its back, its palm, has become thick with hair.

He runs to the door of his study, flings it open, starts upstairs, changes his mind. As he moves thru the room he passes a post—and at the

same time passes thru phase one of his change. He is now a hairier, less human individual.

As he passes a second pillar, his appearance alters even more frighteningly. Tusks protrude upward from his lower set of teeth. A growl issues from his throat.

He heads for his laboratory, for his only hope of salvation—the marriage bud. Has it blossomed?

It is gone!

Stolen!

He snarls in rage.

Donning scarf, cloak, hat, he slinks out into the foggy London nite.

Chapter 7

Wolf at Large

That nite a howling baying wolf prowls the streets of England's sprawling metropolis; marauding, maiming, killing. A Miss Ettie Coombs (Spring Byington) screams down the house as she is attacked

by this beast in her bedroom; another, unidentified woman, screams her last as she is ferociously killed on a lonely London street—and Scotland Yard is baffled by the coroner's report that she died at the fangs of a wolf.

Glendon takes a lodging for a nite in a questionable neighborhood & there the lycanthropic change comes over him again. When one of the nosey women of the tavern peeks in his room, she's sent into a fit of hysterics, screaming: "He had green eyes! he clawed at me! he was covered with hair!"

And soon the newspaper headlines shriek GOOSE LANE MURDER—Unidentified Girl Horribly Strangled. Dr. Glendon, along with all of

wolf abroad in London, an unfortunate mortal afflicted with lycanthropy. There will be murder tonite & tomorrow nite unless the mariphasa flower can be found. It is the only known antidote. Without it, there will be an epidemic that will turn London into a shambles!"

In his laboratory by day, Dr. Glendon curses the all-important plant. "You stubborn thing, why don't you bloom!" But the bud refuses his bidding.

While Glendon's attention is elsewhere, Yogami secretly insinuates himself into the laboratory & is in the act of making off with the precious flower when Glendon discovers him. In a fury, Glendon chases Yogami halfway up the stairs, catches

him, struggles with him. "You brought this on me!" he raves; "that nite in Tibet!"—as he strangles the hapless victim of werewolfry.

Then he sets out for his wife's bedroom. He climbs to her balcony. She flees downstairs. He jumps from the roof onto her lover, knocks him unconscious.

With nite approaching, he races in his car to an estate he owns. There, he directs his caretaker to lock him in the Monk's Rest. "Don't open that door till sunrise," he directs, "even if I call to you. Keep that door locked till dawn!"

Alone, high in the tower, he lies on a cot. The moon creeps thru the window and, acting like a catalyst, its lunar rays affect him lycanthrop-

TRANSFORMATION INTO A WEREWOLF

London, reads this revolting account—and realizes that he has become a modern Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, a Jack the Ripper in lupine form. "I am a singularly singular devil," he says, "more singular than I ever dreamed any human could be."

Another nite, as he locks himself away in a little room in an attempt to frustrate his feral instincts, he prays: "Oh, God, don't let this happen to me! But if it must happen, keep me away from the thing I love." Shortly thereafter the change comes over him and, once again a being of blasphemy, half human, half horror, he lopes out into the nite.

At a nearby zoo he lets a "brother" wolf out of a cage, then attacks a girl in the park.

Chapter 8

Worse Things Waiting

At Scotland Yard, Dr. Yogami offers his theory that "there is a were-



ically. Again the hideous change possesses him: his eyes narrow, his eyebrows become bushy & slanted, his nose withers, his nostrils dilate & twitch, 2 teeth lengthen in his lower jaw, his upper lip wrinkles, his lower lip alters its shape to that of an arrowhead tufted with hair, his sideburns grow longer, his hair grows wild & disarrayed & down the center of his forehead in a v-shape.

Chapter 9

Kills the thing it loves

Two people arrive below the werewolf's "cell". He observes they are Ames, his wife's constant companion of late whom he has come to hate, and—Lisa herself!

The curse of the werewolf takes control. With superhuman strength & total disregard of his own life he leaps thru the window, shattering



the glass, slamming onto the ground in front of his startled wife & her escort. He starts to choke Lisa. Paul comes to her rescue. Glendon fights with Ames, temporarily is stopped when Ames strikes him a crushing blow with a walking stick.

But the man-wolf is soon on his feet again & pursues his terrified spouse into the house. In terror, Lisa attempts to climb the stairs to the safety of a locked door on the second storey. Too quick for her, Glendon catches up and, as his veins throb with the lust to kill the thing he loves, he is on the verge of destroying his own beloved when—

A shot rings out.

The Chief of Scotland Yard and his armed guard have arrived just in time. As the guard's smoking pistol falls to his side, the wolf-man stumbles, falls, collapses on his back, his prostrate body on the stairs, his head on the floor. As his life ebbs from his mortally wounded body, he has energy for just a few last words.



"Goodby, Lisa," he whispers. "I'm sorry I couldn't have made you happy."

To the officer he says, "Thanks for the bullet—it was the only way."

To himself he muses, "In a few moments now I shall know if all this had to be." And he expires.

As he dies, the curse of the werewolf is cleansed from his corporeal being. His face & form resume the natural human appearance of the respected scientist Dr. Glendon, martyr to a supernatural malignancy contracted by involuntary contact with a nightmare-being from the Midnight World. . .

The Werewolf of London is dead. But his legendary story lives on.

Critical opinions of the time:

Marguerite Tazelaar, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "Strong nerves are needed to cope with this offering. During the unfolding of the picture Mr. Hull changes from his affable self into a monster that defies description. Hair





attering!

WOLF OF LONDON



...springs from his smoothly shaven cheeks, pointed fangs spread along his harmless upper lip, his hands grow clawlike & he bursts into wolf-like howling. If you care for melodramatic fare, this film offers it."

From a Hollywood trade journal: "Here's a horror picture which, due to expert casting & direction, should attract those who are not 100% creep & chill fans. For those who like the shivers, it has sufficient horror, suspense & action to please. WERE-WOLF will be able to hold its own with the best chillers. Make-up of Hull is startling after the manner of

Frankenstein's creation. His performance as the monster is excellent. Warner Oland displays his usual suavity as the rival for the blossom, makes the characterization real. Stuart Walker's direction gives the picture all the qualities it possesses without reaching for effects. Dialog & continuity are both smart & direct."

NEW YORK TIMES, 10 May '35: "The Rialto Theater is bidding farewell to Times Sq. this week with a nerve-jangling exhibit called THE WERE-WOLF OF LONDON. The theater will be demolished after the last screen-

LABORATORY OF THE WOLFMAN



ing of the picture. The Universal picture is credited to a story by Robt. Harris but it goes back further than that. It goes, in fact, to Robt. Louis Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde', and permits Mr. Hull to be transformed, before the startled eyes of the audience, from a frock-coated botanist into a fanged apeman with homicidal tendencies & a wolf's howl swelling in his throat. This charm-

ing bit of lycanthropy follows the botanist's expedition into a Tibetan valley in quest of a strange flower, the 'marphasa', which takes its life from the moon. Ignoring native warnings that demons inhabit the valley "well, the rest of the plot you already know. Reviewer FSN concludes: "In the vein of THE INVISIBLE MAN, the picture races along in its presentation of the trag-

ic spectacle of a man who realizes in his moments of sanity that he may be driven to the murder of his wife & others 'whom he loves best'. Designed solely to amaze & horrify, the film goes about its task with commendable thoroughness, sparing no grisly detail & springing from scene to scene with even greater ease than that oft attributed to the daring young aerialist. Granting that

With tel-eyescope



Snarling werewolf



Serious scientist



His eyes staring wide, Dr. Yogami lies dead, his head ironically cushioned by the mariphasa plant, the Moon Flower that could have saved his life.



Dr. Yogami of Tibet & Dr. Glendon of London, both victims of the werewolf's bite, fight to the death.

Werewolf & real wolf.

FOR THE FIRSTTIME in motion picture history 2 actors whose birthdays were the same date were cast in the leading roles of one picture. Hull was born 3 Oct. 1890, Oland on 3 Oct. 1880.

ONLY 17 and already frightened out of her wits in **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD**, that was Irish-born Valerie Hobson who play-

ed the werewolf's wife. She was 5'6" tall at the time, weighed 120 lbs. & had dark gray eyes & ashen brown hair.

MOST DIFFICULT TASK ever given the Universal make-up dept., they called it at the time. The difficulty was, it was explained, that Hull had to change gradually from man to wolf & from wolf back to man. This gradual transition made it necessary to create a *series* of make-ups, each of which was slightly more completely wolflike than the other. But before he reached the actual transformation point, hair began to grow in great abundance on his face & hands. He was shown desperately shaving the palms of his hands in order to conceal from his wife what was happening to him. The make-up artists had to keep putting this hair back on & make it thicker as the transition point approached. Naturally the facial features had to be changed & the nose gradually made sharper; the teeth molded into fangs & the ears altered to the pointed ones of the wolf. But it had to be done by easy stages. The closing scene was the hardest, with Hull on the ground in the form of the half man. Very gradually he returned as it, er, were to the Hull man. The make-up men & cameraman agreed this sequence was the most difficult they had to cope with in the entire production.

QUESTION THAT BAFFLED even Eric the Answer Man: "Where does a werewolf live?"

Only Donovan's wolfbrain could supply the answer: "In a *ware*-house!"

SOUND & FURRY. When it developed that not a single man in the Sound Dept. of Universal had ever heard a wolf bay, a technician was specially dispatched to the north country of Canada where wolves still roamed the wilds. In the hinterlands the sound man patiently waited for the sound he had been ordered to bring back alive, "a wolf's howl to send chills up & down the spine." At last his opportunity came: wild wolves gathered in a circle around the huge fire built by the guide. They howled hungrily; the sound man recorded nervously.

A FROG-EATING PLANT from the island of Madagascar was featured in one shuddersome sequence in the film. I don't recall seeing it in the shortened television but apparently in the original, as theatrically released in 1935, we saw "the plant reach out its tentacle-like leaves & catch a small child & start to draw it slowly toward its yawning maw, much like an octopus. You see it shake & quiver with anger when its feeding time is past & there are



WARNER OLAND as Dr. Yogi, accursed practitioner of Werewolfery.



VALERIE HOBSON as Lisa Glendon, who sees the man she loves slowly turn into a wolf before her eyes.



WEREWOLF's Director: STUART WALKER

no more frogs or mice being handed it. The plant furnishes one of the biggest thrills in this film. During filming the carnivorous plant was kept from the gaze of not only studio visitors but even the eyes of the studio workers."

SPECIAL FX MOONLIGHT. Making moonbeams was taken in their stride by the technical experts of the studio electrical department. To do the unusual job they designed a machine which resembled a big studio lamp but which had a core something like that used in infrared ray lamps. This created the original light. Then it was thrown onto a specially built circular reflector, consisting of a myriad of metallic disks. From this was reflected the moonlight. That this light contained the same qualities as real moonlight was evidenced by the fact that it actually caused nite-blooming flowers to blossom. "The scene in which the moonlight creation is shown is one of the most dramatic in the entire picture for on the results obtained by Hull in his laboratory depends his life or an existence worse than death."

SCI-FI FAN. I don't know whether she was at the time she played in **THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON** but I know from talking with Spring Byington several years ago that nowadays she is an ardent reader of science fiction. "My s.f. diet keeps my imagination corpuscles healthy and active," the sprightly actress told me at a sci-fi gathering attended by Anthony "Rocket to the Morgue" Boucher & Wendayne "Rocket to the Rue Morgue" Wahrman.

RAISING HOB WITH HOBSON. It was reported in '35 that the first time Valerie Hobson saw Henry Hull in make-up she started screaming & couldn't stop. She went into hysterics & had to be removed to the hospital while filming for the day was stopped. "I knew Mr. Hull was supposed to look horrible," she said, "but I had no idea he would look like he did. I took one look at him & then started to scream. I couldn't stop. He thought I was joking so he ran towards me & let out an unearthly yell while he reached out a hairy hand as tho to grasp my throat. Suddenly he and Director Stuart Walker discovered I was in the middle of a fit of hysterics. They rushed me to the studio hospital where they gave me a sedative. When I quieted down I was so weak I could not walk. I had to go home for the remainder of the day. It was a horrible experience, one which I never shall forget." Small wonder they call me the Ackermomster, considering I *actually* once frightened a scream out of Miss Hobson by the mere act of bending over her shoulder, from the row behind

her seat in a theater *with the lights up*, and asking for her autograph. This took place in Hollywood in what today is a TV studio from which Steve Allen has been broadcasting for some time.

* * *

CLAUDE RAINS was previously directed in *THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD* by *WEREWOLF OF LONDON* director Stuart Walker.

* * *

THE WEREWOLF LEGEND

by

ROBERT HARRIS

(Author of the Original Story)

One of the most prolific fields for motion picture stories has scarcely been scratched (in 1935). This untapped field is found among the legends & folk tales of the people in the back countries of Europe. These stories have been handed down from generation to generation, stories so weird & bloodcurdling as to send cold chills along the spine.

These people believe the legends of their forefathers. For centuries they have passed them on from father to son. Many of them have never been put down on paper but are passed by word of mouth. They are the greatest source for picture stories that exists today, only the film people seem to have passed them by.

Why struggle with problem plays & gangster stories when you have this untapped field of stories that are simply packed with all the tense human drama plus almost unbelievable thrills? I believe these folk stories & legends are clean & thrilling entertainment. That's why I decided to write this werewolf story.

I have long been intrigued by the legends of the werewolves. Unbelievable, yes. But still there is something startlingly gripping about the idea of a man turning into a wolf. Who knows but what in the centuries gone by this did take place actually? In these days they would have laughed at the thought of flying thru the air. So why should we disbelieve what is said to have happened then?

When you see a huge boat go down beneath the water & see it dart along like a huge fish, fire a projectile that sinks a big warship, then come to the surface again—well, if we did not know that can happen, do you think we would believe it? Would we believe it if the story had been handed down from centuries ago & if we had no submarines now?

* * *



Hull fights his wife's lover, the man he hates.

Death comes at last to the unfortunate werewolf.





Mysterious make-up & a characterization to remember always

COMPARED TO "WEREWOLF OF LONDON" "DRACULA" WAS JUST A SISSY!

By EDWARD EUSTACE

A VAMPIRE is always a gentleman except when it is a lady, but a werewolf is a brute. The vampire bleeds his or her victims with the neatness of a surgeon or a blackmailer, but a werewolf is inclined to leave things a shambles. The bite of the vampire does not mean instant death, or necessarily death at all. The bite of the were wolf kills at once or infects with lycanthrophobia, the contagious werewolf disease, eventually fatal. However, there is one consolation: You do not have to go to any special trouble to kill a werewolf, such as driving a stake through his heart. The ordinary rifle or revolver bullet does the trick very nicely.

All these points of difference between the vampire and werewolf will be moot subjects when "Werewolf of London," Universal's latest and reputedly best thriller comes to town. It will unquestionably cause discussion about "Dracula," the first of all shudder films, also, a product of the same Universal studio. Henry Hull's portrayal of the werewolf, a man who periodically is afflicted with wolf madness, will be compared with Bela Lugosi as the vampire Count Dracula.

However, according to advance reports emanating from the Universal studios, the sinister Count Dracula will be considered a mere sissy when Hull's werewolf takes the screen. The Makeup of the noted stage actor is said to be a more appalling affair than the one which Karloff wore as the Frankenstein monster. It took six hours daily to put on, and two hours to remove. Fangs, two inches long, which are fitted into the lower jaw, and an entire false forehead are a few simple details of this involved makeup.

While unearthly creatures are by no means strangers to the cinema ever since "Dracula" started the fashion back in 1931, this is the first screen appearance for the werewolf. Strange as it may seem and believe it or not, there is evidence for his existence in real life too. Just as the folk lore of all countries have stories of vampires, so have they of werewolves. Science now recognizes both as pathological cases.

According to Montague Summers who has written learned books on both subjects, "werewolf" means "man-wolf," a man who thinks he is a wolf and acts like a wolf as Hull does in the film. Like the vampire the werewolf feels the urge to do his deadly work at night, when the moon is full.

With the werewolf there is said to be a change in appearance, more or less marked when the victim feels the wolf possession coming on. This happens in the case of Dr. Glendon, the character played by Hull, who shows many of the characteristics of a wolf when the moon is full.

Once a vampire always a vampire; there is no known cure for the disease. Werewolves are more fortunate, but not much more. There is thought to be a cure for the Man wolf seizure. It is called the *Mariphasa lumina lupina*. This is a flower which like the century plant blooms only by moonlight and is found in Tibet. Dr. Glendon, plant scientist is searching for this flower to study it when he becomes infected with lycanthrophobia from Warner Oland who has the part of an Oriental scientist, Dr. Yogami, also a sufferer.

END

VINCENT PRICE VS. THE HORLA

REVIEW BY DAVID PERESLETE

Ah! the vulture has eaten the pigeon; the wolf has eaten the lamb; the lion has devoured the sharp-horned buffalo; man has killed the lion with an arrow, with a sword, with gunpowder; but the Horla will make of man what we have made of the horse & of the ox; his chattel, his slave & his food, by the mere power of his will.

Woe to us!

—GUY DE MAUPASSANT

A DISMAL foggy morn in France in the late 19th Century. Sorrowing relatives & friends are gathered 'round the grave of the French Magistrate, Simon Cordier, giving him their last goodbys & tears.

After the corpse has been laid to rest a group of interested persons gathers at a closed Art Gallery to learn the contents of a diary left by the late Cordier. On the nite of his death he wrote instructions that this mysterious diary be read immediately after his demise.

A small black chest decorated in gold & silver is placed on a table. From its plush red interior the brown diary is removed. It is opened to its first page, dated September 17, 1886. As it is read aloud we see it visualized in flashback—

Cordier Kills

Simon Cordier (Vincent Price), a striking looking individual in his later years, is told that Louis Girot (Harvey Stephens), a condemned murderer, wishes to speak to him in his official capacity. Magistrate Cordier goes to the man's cell expecting a confession, instead is confronted with a strange declaration: Girot believes himself possessed by a horrible demon, an unseen monster that forced him to kill against his will.

When Cordier tries to reason with Girot, the latter loses all reason. An unaccountable green shadow creeps across his eyes &, like a madman, he leaps at the throat of the magistrate. Defending himself against this wild attack, Cordier strikes a crushing blow at Girot's neck, knocking him across his cell. He strikes his head against the metal edge of his cot & collapses—dead!

Deeply disturbed by the incident, Cordier returns home. There he is astonished to find a large photograph of his long deceased wife & son, buried in a chest in the attic for 12 years, now hanging inexplicably on the wall of his study! His servants deny all knowledge of how it came to appear there.



Climbing to the attic with the mysteriously materialized photo, Cordier returns it to its previous resting place of the past dozen years, a large brown trunk. As he turns to leave, he notices lettering in the dust on a pedestal which holds a sculpture of his dead wife. It reads, *Hatred is evil.*

spell of the horla

The following day in his office Cordier discovers the testimony of Louis Girot on his desk. Frantically he questions his staff but no one has any idea how the papers could have got there. To add further to Cordier's upset condition, an inkwell, as tho of its own volition, topples over on Girot's testimony. As Cordier attempts to blot the ink blotch, a ghostly laugh rings out & for the first time the voice of the invisible being known as the Horla addresses him. This unseen thing tells him that now that it has been deprived of Girot's body, mind & will, it will commandeer Cordier's instead.

That evening while making another entry in his diary, Cordier is approached by the Horla. The evil entity takes possession of his mind and, like one mesmerized, his eyes glowing green, Cordier opens his birdcage, removes his pet & crushes the life from the little winged creature. When he regains his will he is horrified to find the bird's dead body lying broken & twisted on the floor.

Seeking help from his family physician, Cordier's fears are allayed by the opinion that these untoward incidents are merely delusions of his own tired mind. He is advised to take up a hobby, relax. So he turns once again to sculpting.

the horror grows

Cordier finds a model, Odette Duclasse (Nancy Kovack), and for a while all goes well with his work. Unknown to him, his employment of Odette causes much friction between her & her husband Paul (Chris Warfield).

When Cordier completes his bust of Odette, he steps in front of his mirror to observe himself with pride. He is horrified to discover that he casts no reflection! No vampire, he, he must search for some other explanation, and at last it comes to him that it can mean but one thing: the Horla, tho invisible, is a solid being, and *it has returned!*

The Horla reveals its presence with a laugh. "Odette is a thing of evil," it chuckles, "but you shall continue to see her." Cordier protests but is powerless. Finally, in extreme anger, he summons enough will to hurl an ashtray at the mirror—only to have its trajectory interrupted by the body of the unseen but solid creature.



Unaware of what he is doing, Price is but a zombie while in the power of the unseen horror.

Stepping aside from the mirror the Horla permits Cordier's reflection to appear. Then the evil thing begins to taunt him. He drove his wife to her death, it accuses. And to further agitate Cordier, the Horla removes the photo of his wife & son from the chest, smashing the picture to pieces.

As a parting gesture the Horla causes the still soft sculpture of Odette to alter its appearance into a visage of venomous ugliness.

Then, with a gust of wind, the Horla is gone.

the grip of the unseen

Cordier becomes romantically involved with Odette. This leads to an unpleasant scene with her jealous husband. Cordier wants to "get away from it all", to go to Sweden and take Odette with him. At that point

The Horla returns. "No use to run away," it mocks. "I shall follow you wherever you go." And again, via the pale green shadow on his eyes, the Horla takes possession of Cordier, causes him to burn Odette's picture, directs him out into the night & down a dark alley to eliminate Odette.

When Odette answers the knock at her door, it is to be confronted by Cordier in a zombie-like state, a dead look in his eyes. Slowly he draws a long-bladed knife from beneath his coat. She retreats in horror, runs frantically across the room attempting to elude him; but inexorably he pursues her, stabbing, stabbing, till she falls bleeding & dead on her own bed.

diabolical discovery

The next morning Cordier awakes to find red splotches on his stairway carpeting. Touching the substance confirms his suspicion that it is dried blood. Then his eyes fall on the headlines of the morning newspaper

Blood from a statue? The red stain reveals the horrible inner secret of the sculpture.



Odette brutally murdered . . . her head missing!

Fearful of what he will find, Cordier follows the trail of blood to his attic. Reluctantly opening the door, his worst fears are confirmed: there, plunged deep into the throat of the sculpture of Odette, is the identical knife that he murdered her with!

Ripping a section of clay from the cheek of his reproduction, Cordier reveals the accusing staring eye, the bloody severed head of Odette!

Overwhelmed by horror, Cordier removes the head & buries it, with the help of the Horla, in an unmarked grave in his own backyard. . .

That evening, Jeanne d'Arville (*Elaine Deury*), who has long loved Cordier, visits him in the hope that he might confess. To her astonishment Cordier not only denies murdering Odette but even knowing her!

As soon as the bewildered Jeanne has departed, the Horla returns. It has another evil command.

to kill again!

The Horla sends Cordier forth to follow Jeanne and destroy her. In black coat & hat, he slinks down a side street like a Mr. Hyde, waiting in hiding for the unsuspecting Jeanne.

Knife poised, ready to plunge it to the hilt into the body of the innocent girl who loves him, Cordier waits in the shadows. At the fatal moment, as he steps into the light to stab her, from a nearby church steeple there is reflected on the shining

blade of the knife a cross, a holy power that the Horla cannot combat, and Cordier casts the instrument aside like a snake.

A priest passes by. Almost out of his mind with fear, Cordier seizes him, pleads for sanctuary. As he is pleading, the reins whip out of the hands of a coachman &, losing control of his horses, the pair is almost struck by the buggy. This convinces Cordier that to enter the church would only needlessly endanger the life of the priest in addition to his own.

defying the horla

In a final effort to outwit the Horla, Cordier asks the priest to go after Jeanne and bring her as quickly as possible to his house.

Returning home, Cordier makes ready for his last stand against the thing. He drenches his room with kerosene & locks all the doors.

Seating himself at a desk with a lamp, he makes his final entry in his diary. "If my plan works, the Horla will die; if it doesn't, I will die."

Moments later, with a mighty blast of wind the study doors fly wide. The enraged Horla makes its presence known by overturning furniture. It is seething with frustrated rage over Cordier's failure to kill Jeanne.

Firmly entrenched in the chair behind the desk, Cordier summons all his remaining will & stands up & heaves the lamp into the kerosene drenched curtains. In a flash the room is a blazing inferno.

Blundering back & forth across the room, trying all the available doors & windows not cut off by the curtain of flame, the howling Horla realizes it is trapped.

Triumphantly Cordier reveals to the invisible creature that he knew it feared fire because, unlike a human being, fire had no consciousness that the Horla could control.

In a last desperate effort the Horla madly dashes for the fiery drapes to risk being burned but escape by the balcony. But the fiendish demon is engulfed by a sheet of flame, which makes it visible at last as a writhing column of verdant phosphorescence.

With a spine-chilling scream of pain & despair the Horla is burned to death.

Cordier, now suddenly realizing his own danger, fumbles for his key. In his confusion he drops it. Flames lick 'round it. Each time he attempts to reach it, tongues of fire sizzle the flesh of his hand. Before he can retrieve the key—

A flaming beam falls upon him & he meets the same end as (it was at first assumed) Frankenstein's monster met in the burning mill.

The flashback ends; the diary is closed; the silence around the table is broken by the question, "Is the

Horla real?"

The priest replies: "Wherever evil exists in the heart of man, the Hor-

la lives."

In his fictional account, De Maupassant elaborated:

The reign of man is over and He has come. He who was feared by primitive man, whom disquieted priests exorcised; whom sorcerers evoked on dark nites, without having seen him appear; to whom the imagination of the transient masters of the world lent all the monstrous or graceful forms of gnomes, sprites, genti, fairies & familiar spirits. After the coarse conceptions of primitive fear, more clear-sighted men foresaw it more clearly. Mesmer divined him, then physi-

cians accurately discovered the nature of his power, even before he exercised it himself. They played with this weapon of the new Lord, the sway of a mysterious will over the human soul, which had become a slave. They called it magnetism, hypnotism, suggestion—what do I know? I have seen them amusing themselves like rash children with this horrible power! Woe to us!

The Horla has come! END

The conflagration that claims the life of the vicious Horla also dooms Vincent Price as Simon Cordier.



MYSTERY PHOTO

DEPARTMENT

NO MYSTERY to many of you was last issue's unidentified foto. Obviously I made it too easy for once, to judge by the immediate recognition by scads of lads. Typical was a response from Patrick Pinnelli, who wrote: "The film starred Irish (Sheena of the Jungle) McCalla. She and her friends were marooned on an island. The island was occupied by die-hard Nazis. They had been there for years, changing the native girls into 'demons' thru experiments. Therefore, they became SHE-DEMONS." Others who, up to press-time, had come thru with the correct guess were: Salvatore Romano, Jerry Weiss, Don Glut, Michael Schechter, Dennis P. Allard, Marc Jablon, Dan Jenkins, Lee Johnson Jr., Henry Romatowski, Robt. Davis, Michael Katin, Doug Spier, John Dougherty, Thad Swift, Billy Richardson, Danny Phelan, Alan Rosa, Chas. D. Mills, Jim Knox, Paul Murphy Jr., Peter Sargent, Jim Adams, Robt. J. ("no relation to FJ") Ackerman, Robt. Wm. Christianson, Paul Kroskirty, Kenneth Faustine, Mark McGee, Jim Herman & Vern Coriell.

Hm! I see that this time I shall have to get rough. I'll give you just one clue & if you can't figure it out from that, well—tough toe-nails! By re-arranging the letters in WOMTY FOTCA KNATHEFO FAT THIEF you will find out the title, in case you can't guess it from the foto

Frankly—I'll level with you—I saw the film but I couldn't place this scene from it at first. Then, vaguely, it came back to me. I want to especially thank Philippe Druillet for providing this Mystery pic—it's a pip!





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February 13, 1967

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Dear Mr. Ackerman:

I am pleased to inform you that you have been officially appointed as a member of the Miniatures and Special Effects Committee of the Hollywood Museum.

We feel honored to have you associated with us and we are sure you will enjoy your experience in helping to move this great project toward completion.

Your Committee Chairman is Mr. Eugene Hilchey.

You will be informed from time to time of the progress being made and will be notified as to the date and time of the next committee meeting.

Sincerely,

HERMAN A. HARRIS
Executive Director

AF:cc

cc: Mr. Eugene Hilchey

THE HOLLYWOOD MUSEUM ASSOCIATES IS A NON-PROFIT CORPORATION FORMED TO FURTHER THE INTERESTS OF THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY - HOLLYWOOD MUSEUM, INCORPORATING THE ARTS OF MOTION PICTURE - TELEVISION - RADIO - RECORDING.

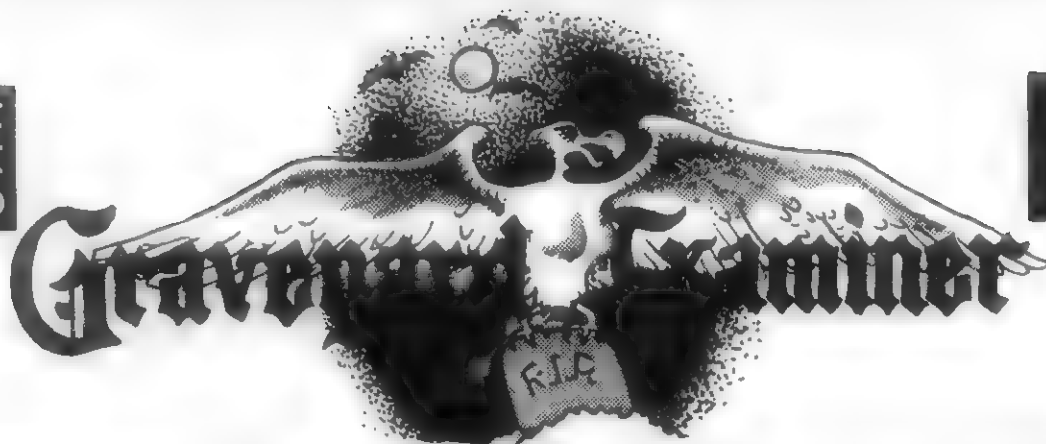
HONOR FOR FM'S EDITOR

Shortly after sharing good honors with Boris Karloff & Blood Theater in being the first recipient of the Count Dracula Society's Annual Ann Radcliffe Award, appointment for Forrest J Ackerman was confirmed (see adjoining letter) as an affiliate of the new HOLLYWOOD MUSEUM whose construction is now underway. Completed project will guarantee in its archiving, among other treasures, the original painting of KING KONG by Willis O'Brien & Byron Crabbe, several of O'Brien's personal scrapbooks from MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, KING KONG, etc.; a mint set of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND; very likely the \$5000 portrait of Bela Lugosi (we have heard his widow has been contemplating contributing it as a gift to posterity); and many another fantasy film rarity.

In his capacity as a working member of the Miniatures & Special Effects Committee, Ackerman will assist Committee Chairman Hilary in preparing & approving projects such as the recreation of the original Frankenstein laboratory for public viewing, a prehistoric diorama, and the assembly & display of artifacts from productions like WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE TIME MACHINE, THIS ISLAND EARTH, etc.

FAMOUS MONSTERS is proud that its Editor has been appointed to this important position where he can benefit the many millions of moviegoers who are especially interested in imaginative motion pictures, be they of monsters or science, space or witches, terror or pterodactyls or the marvels of things to come as just imagined in the METROPOLISES of the 21st Century . . .

CREATURE
FEATURES



FINAL

DEAD-LETTER EDITION OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB

THE SHANKENSTEIN MONSTER

COUNT DRACULA
SOCIETY HEARS
EDITOR, PRODUCER

By Donald A. Reed
& Manuel Weltman



Many years ago IT CONQUERED THE WORLD. Now, The Son of the Cucumber Creature threatens Rosemont, Pennsylvania! Story was reported this way on the front page of a local newspaper there: *Monster from a Meteor*—Stars of a home-made horror film defend themselves against a papier-mache monster as he wreaks havoc at junior movie mogul Walter Shank's home. Shank,

16, attacks with a shovel as Chuck Hodgkinson, 17, of Bryn Mawr, attends to the fallen heroine of the epic, Shank's sister, Peggy, 14.

42 members & guests of the Count Dracula Society listened, at the 3d meeting of the newly formed organization, to fascinating talks by Forrest J Ackerman, winner of our Ann Radcliffe Award, and Herman Cohen, writer & producer of 8 horror films.

Audience gathered in the Zeta Beta Tau fraternity house near the University of Southern California campus in response to publicity in the Los Angeles Times. A post-meeting report was given in the *Herald-Examiner*. Mr. Ackerman proved as able a speaker as an editor, giving a spellbinding speech of 40 minutes duration in which he covered about 30 Gothic films of the 30s such as THE WITCHING HOUR, THE DOUBLE DOOR, DANTE'S INFERNO, CHANDU THE MAGICIAN, DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY, DRACULA, THE OLD DARK HOUSE, ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, WHITE ZOMBIE, THE DEATH KISS, THE MUMMY, THE RAVEN, MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE WALKING DEAD, THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, BLACK MOON and SUPERNATURAL.

Preparing his listeners for a resume of the early talkie

era of cinematic shockers, he first eulogized Lon Chaney Sr. and described various characterizations he had created in **THE MIRACLE MAN**, **THE PENALTY**, **THE UNKNOWN**, **MR. WU**, **THE MONSTER**, **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**, **THE UNHOLY 3**, and of course **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** and **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**. "The worst single catastrophe that ever happened to the field of fantastic films was, in my opinion," he said, "the death of Lon Chaney. In a parallel world where Lon Chaney did not die on the 28th of August, 1930; in a kindlier Twilight Zone more disposed toward the feelings of aficionados of the Gothic genre; he would have been a venerable star, today, one year Boris Karloff's senior. Karloff will be 76 on his next birthday; Chaney would have been 77. Except—one thing: ironically, if Lon Chaney had lived, it is problematical whether we would ever have had a Boris Karloff. Or a Bela Lugosi. As we know them. At this open meeting of the Count Dracula Society tonite our Honorary Guest, sitting among you in a bat-like black cape, wearing this ring of Dracula which I now have on my finger & which Bela Lugosi once wore;—our Honorary Guest might very well have been Lon Chaney himself. The Man of A Thousand Faces—and Forms—who proved with his talking remake of Tod Browning's celebrated **UNHOLY 3** that he was not only the master of make-up & pantomime but of mimicry as well."

It is impossible to describe in a limited space the amount of information that Mr. Ackerman packed into a 40 minute span during which he spoke at machine-gun speed, scarcely seeming to pause to draw a breath. His speech was illustrated by scores of rare colored litho lobby cards from **THE VAMPIRE BAT**, **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **DRACULA'S DAUGHTER** and the many other titles he discussed. He read an interesting sampling of critical opinions from newspaper clippings concerning **THE GHOUL** and **THE RAVEN**. On one occasion he mimicked the voice of the late Bela Lugosi in-



Michael Gough, star of BLACK ZOO, Herman Cohen's latest.

roducing himself as Dr. Mirakle in **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** and in another instance quoted from memory a lengthy exchange of dialog between Colin Clive & Edward Van Sloan from **FRANKENSTEIN**

He concluded with a vivid description of the French horror classic **J'ACCUSE**, saying he was in complete accord with both Ray Bradbury & Wendayne Wahrman that its sequence showing the rising from their graves of Les Gueules Cassees—"the actual broken-faced half-bodied hidden living dead from World War I"—was "indeed one of the most horrifying episodes ever recorded on film."

Acceptance of Mr. Ackerman's lecture was so enthusiastic that he finally rose to break the applause by joking that as an encore he would now cover the period from 1940 to 1950.

Following the editor of **FM**, Mr. Herman Cohen—young, personable & energetic—gave a candid insight



Virginia Grey, in BLACK ZOO panic.



Peter Naughton, age 15, has been reading FM for 5 years, feels it has given him an insight into monsters & movies that he never knew existed. Came 400 miles to meet Editor Forry Ackerman, and says "Thank you for giving me a liberal education in a fascinating field." Typical of the alert young fans whom Forry is happy to meet as friends & welcome into his home.

into the production of many of his box-office successes such as **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**, **I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN**, **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER**, **CIRCUS OF HORRORS** and his latest release, **BLACK ZOO**. Mr. Cohen conceives and (no pun intended) executes all his pictures. He spent a year preparing the script of **BLACK ZOO**. When he made **HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM**, Scotland Yard cooperated with him & for the first time permitted copies to be made of the baroque & bizarre murder weapons once used by actual criminals in the conduct of heinous crimes, lethal instruments now under lock & key in the secret arsenal of the law.

Mr. Cohen quoted psychological authorities who back him up that horror has a therapeutic value & stressed the fact that none of the teenagers in his pictures smoke, drink or otherwise act in a delinquent fashion unless under the spell of an evil adult.

He mentioned how highly

he thought of animator Ray Harryhausen with whom he had gotten acquainted while working on **KONGA** in England.

He revealed that his next horror-fantasy will be **THE HAUNTED JUNGLE**.

Both Mr. Cohen & Mr. Ackerman remained for 3 hours after the meeting to answer questions of our group.

It was a propitious beginning for our club. Anyone in the environs of Los Angeles (a motion picture actor & his young filmmonster friend came all the way from Pa-coima for the occasion) may attend a meeting if they are seriously interested in Gothic literature & films. Ours is not a frivolous organization & only the sincere & mentally adult should apply for membership. We plan eventually to publish the Jonathan Harker Journal. For further information about the Count Dracula Society, inquiries (with stamped-addressed envelope included for reply) may be addressed to the Secretary, Manuel Weltman, 7922 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 48, Calif.

(Continued on page 67)

NEW MONSTER CLUB MEMBERS

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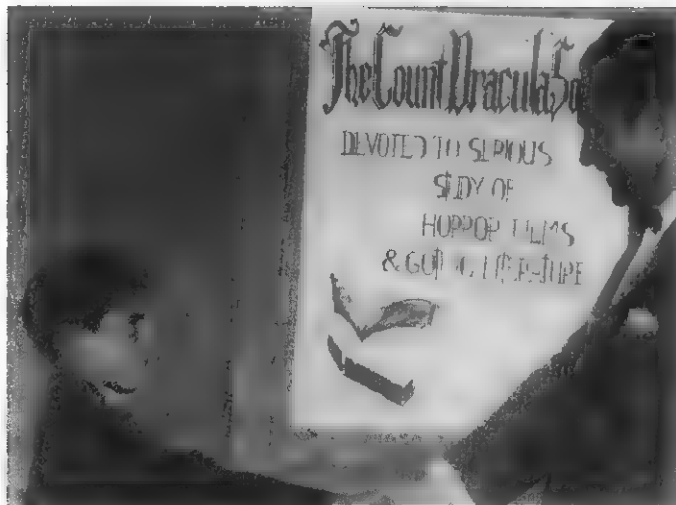
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STATE



Youngest member of The Count Dracula Society (LA), Bernie Reed, meets Forrest J. Pres. of French-based Friends of Bram Stoker Soc'y. FJA is also Hon. Member of the local Dracula group.



Club Sec'y Manuel Weltman (left) shows spec Dracula 1111 page French film monster magazine, *Midnight Fantasy*, while Forry exhibits first copy in California of new British book about Bram Stoker & Bela Lugosi, "A Biography of Dracula."



Producer Herman Cohen, with *BLOOD OF DRACULA* on his hands, explains HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER to his captive audience—which he captured with his captivating manner & anecdotes. Vampiric Pres. Reed, seated, seems to be contemplating whether to bite hand that's feeding him & fellow members such interesting information.

MONSTER MOVIE

MATERIAL

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or DRACULA. 8mm. Must be with Karloff or Lugosi and not over 200'. HARRY HUNTER, 534 Lee Circle, Johnson City, Tenn. . . . NEWSPAPER ADS—For sale. All monster movies. GREG DAHLKE, 4901 Ash Ave., Grand Rapids 8, Mich. . . . MOVIE POSTER—From CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. Wanted to buy by BILL HART, 526 Wilson Ave. S.E., St. Cloud, Minn. . . . CANDID KARLOFF. CHANEY JR., LORRE—8"x10" glossy fotos of these favorites taken on Route 88. \$1 apiece. Name your choice or you may purchase pix of all 3. JOHN PRIMM, 302 N. Cornell, Villa Park, Ill.

ASK ERIC

by Eric Hoffman
The Answer Man



A free service to readers of *FM*. We cannot reveal the home addresses of stars like Lon Chaney Jr. & Peter Lorre nor producers like Geo. Pal nor animators like Ray Harryhausen nor undertake to answer questions that would take Robby the robot a month to unravel. But for reasonable requests (see following examples) Eric will be happy to consult his own (and the Brain from Arous) for answers.

Dana Gioia: 1. In what picture did Lon Chaney Sr. play a clown? Ans., In two: *HE WHO GETS SLAPPED & LAUGH CLOWN LAUGH*. 2. Was *THE UNHOLY 3* in sound? Ans., the second version was: MGM, 1930. 3. Were Chaney's parents deaf-mutes? Ans., Yes, they could neither hear nor speak.

Jim Luft: How do you pronounce the late Ernest Thesiger's last name? Ans., With the accent on the first syllable, *Thes* rhyming with *guess*, the "i" sounding the way it does in "trick" and the *ger* as in *germ*.

Jeffrey Shwicky: 1. Who made *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE*? Ans., This Tor Johnson & Vampira film, with brief guest appearance by Bela Lugosi, was produced by J. Edward Reynolds. 2. Who made the 2d version of *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*? Ans., Universal Pictures in 1943. 3. Who was in the 2d *PHANTOM*? Ans., Claude Rains played Enrique Clau-

din (the ogre of the Opera); Susanna Foster his daughter

P. Kierney has a question about Frankenstein's monster: in which pictures did Ed Payson, Gary Conway & Primo Carnera portray him? Ans., Payson in the MGM short subject *THREE DIMENSIONAL MURDER*, a Pete Smith Novelty (in 3D) in the 30s; Gary Conway in Herman Cohen's *I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*; but the Primo Carnera version wasn't really a movie but a segment of the now-defunct *Matinee Theatre* hour on TV.

Alan Kitchen wants to know if the picture of the young man who became a werewolf on p.19 of *FM* #9 is the familiar face of TV's *Bonanza*? Ans., Yes, it was Michael Landon as he appeared in *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF*.

Paddy Brisbane inquires about everyone's favorite outer-space hero, Flash Gordon. He wants to know if there was a TV series about him, who was in it & when it was made? Ans., There was a tele-series filmed in W. Berlin, released in 1955. Flash was played by Steve Holland, Irene Champlan portrayed Dale, and Joe Nash was Dr. Zarkov. In the series, Flash and his helpmates battled the forces of evil in the universe for the GBI (Galactic Bureau of Investigation).

CLUBS & FANZINES



Pres. **BOB McCAGUE** of **INTERNATIONAL MOVIE COLLECTORS CLUB** (250 strong), busy editing **REEL SCENE**. Sample of the clubzine for 25c. FJA is an enthusiastic member. Contact **MR. McCAGUE** at **POB 5186**, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

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HAUNT AD

(Note: the abbreviation "sae" scattered thruout ads means seller requests self-addressed stamped envelope. Actually, it is a courtesy to include same with your inquiry whether asked or not.)

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usually keep him under a glass dome to help protect him from deterioration," explains Mr. Wilkinson. "After all, he took quite a beating in his time, and is getting pretty old."

Something we consider quite significant about this foto: it clearly demonstrates that monsters are not "merely" a "kid" hobby but a fascinating pastime indulged in by adults as well!

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THE PHANTOM



REVISITED

By RUDY BELMER

INTRODUCTION: *The following article has been adapted, with the kind permission of its author, from his article copyrighted in the Oct. 1982 issue of Films in Review, a publication which, incidentally, your editor heartily recommends to all readers seriously interested in motion pictures.*

The success of **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** prompted Carl Laemmle Sr., president of Universal Pictures, to spend approximately \$1 million (several million dollars by today's standards) on Gaston Leroux's mystery-melodrama of 1907, "The Phantom of the Opera." Its role of Erik, the Phantom, is one of Chaney's greatest creations.

The now familiar story is set in the Paris Opera House of 1880. A disfigured human being who lives in the sub-cellars falls in love with a young opera singer, Christine Daae, and, without revealing his face, hidden beneath a mask, trains her to be an exceptional singer. He launches a reign of terror in the Opera House to win her a place as the prima donna, then kidnaps & carries her to his underground hideout, where she unmasks him. Christine is rescued by her sweetheart, Raoul de Chagny, with the aid of an agent from the Secret Police,



"The Persian," left, played by Edmund Carewe, warns Norman Kerry & Mary Philbin of dire danger at hand from the unseen hand of the Phantom.

photography. For the establishment of mood he relied heavily on shadows thruout. During the last half of the shooting Van Enger served as the liaison between Chaney & Rupert Julian, who had had a blowup over the characterization of Erik and weren't speaking.

the phantom grows

After approximately 10 weeks of shooting a rough cut was assembled & it was decided to elongate the climax of the mob's over-running of the catacombs. Edward Sedgwick, an action comedy director, was called in to handle this added material. The wild carriage ride of Erik & Christine, the subsequent chase on foot with the Notre Dame set from *THE HUNCHBACK* prominently displayed, and the Phantom drowning in the Seine, rather than the subterranean lake, were all added at this time.

The picture was twice previewed in Los Angeles in January '25. Laemmle didn't like the results & ordered Sedgwick to supervise additional shooting & re-editing. A new sub-plot was concocted which had Ward Crane as Kerry's rival for Mary Philbin's affections. This involved a garden party, a pistol duel & other scenes, which Sedgwick directed. Julian was not involved in any of this additional shooting & at the premiere in the Curran Theatre in San Francisco on April 26 Laemmle announced that Sedgwick should be credited with the success of the production.

the shrinking phantom!

But the San Francisco run was less than successful & all the added material, with the exception of the chase, was deleted. Comic relief, Laemmle decided, would cure all the ills. So Chester Conklin was hailed from the Sennett lot. He contributed a great deal of clowning & a few laughs. New title-cards were written.

the puzzling phantom

When the result was previewed the general consensus was that the story *now made no sense!* So a print was shipped to New York, where Laemmle showed it to his backers. They ordered the comedy to be junked & a new staff of editors to re-cut many of the sequences. New title-cards had to be written to account for the many changes. During these revisions the opera & ballet material would sometimes get lots of footage, sometimes be cut to almost nothing.

and the Phantom flees, but, aite, lengthy chase, is the victim of mob vengeance.

Chaney's make-up gave his face the appearance of a skull. His eyes were popped & dilated by chemicals. The effect was considerably heightened by the fact that no still photographs of him were allowed to be published until well after the film's initial release. He is not seen without his mask until the 5th reel.

The first shooting stage ever erected on a structural steel framework was built for the huge replica of the interior of the Opera House, with its 5 tiers of boxes & balconies. The cellars & subterranean lake & the Phantom's rooms were built on other stages. There were no matte shots, no miniatures nor other cheating in the interior photography of the '25 PHANTOM.

While Art Director Dan Hall supervised the set construction, Elliott J. Clawson prepared a script that followed the novel rather closely. Rupert Julian, a veteran staff director at Universal, helped with the pre-production preparation, and subsequently directed. Mary Philbin & Norman Kerry were assigned the roles of Christine & Raoul. Shooting started late in '24.

Gounod's "Faust" plays as important a part in the film as it does in

the book, and considerable footage, shot in the old 2-color Technicolor process, was devoted to operatic excerpts. Much of this material was later scrapped but in the original prints one ballet excerpt was retained. So was a portion of Act One, with Faust calling on the powers of evil to justify life, and the "Jewel Song" (Act III), which directs attention to the chandelier. Also bits & pieces of Marguerite brooding at her spinning wheel (Act IV), of the prison cell scene (Act V), and of the chorus of angels hailing the ascent of Marguerite's soul to heaven.

phantom facts

The 2-color Technicolor was restricted to some of the aforementioned sequences & to the Grand Masked Ball. Many people think the scene on the roof with Chaney atop a great statue of Apollo, in his costume of the Red Death, was in color. It was a black-&-white sequence but the Phantom's wildly blowing crimson cape was tinted on the original release prints.

Charles Van Enger, who was one of 3 who perfected the rear projection process in '27, did the b-&-w



The midnite revelers at the masked ball cringe at the sight of the man disguised as The Masque of the Red Death—the Phantom himself in Poesque garb!



The moment of horror beyond words.



Mary Philbin cowers before the cadaverous face of the unmasked Phantom in the scene that was the silent silver screen's golden triumph of horror.

the official phantom

At the official premiere in New York on 6 Sept. 1925, the footage count was 9200. The running time was a little over 2 hours at the optimum of 20 frames per second.

The reviews were mixed. Chaney and the scenic effects were praised but the narrative was thought exaggerated, the continuity abrupt, etc., etc. The picture did smash business everywhere.

the part-sound phantom

In '30 Universal shot some dialog sequences with Philbin, Kerry and others; re-shot some of the operatic footage with sound & color; badly dubbed in a singing voice for Mary Philbin; and added music & sound effects thruout. At the same time lesser scenes were deleted. Lon Chaney was not involved in this refurbished version tho what was supposed to be his voice was heard in it several times. The ads stressed "Talking! Singing! Dancing! Sound Effects! Music! Color!" but only about 35% of the picture had dia. and/or singing, and the final third

had music & effects only. Like the dubbed re-issues of BEN-HUR and THE BIG PARADE, this one of PHANTOM was not too successful.

rains and the remade phantom

In '43, between horror cycles, Universal re-made THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA in full Technicolor with Claude Rains as the Phantom, and a cast that included Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster & Edgar Barrier. The Leroux plot & characters were drastically changed.

In the book Erik was born in Rouen and his ugliness was such an affront to his parents he left home at an early age, travelled thruout Europe as a curiosity at fairs & with gypsies, and practiced magic & ventriloquism & every kind of trickery & deception. He built a trick palace for the Shah of Persia, constructed trapdoors & secret chambers for the Sultan of Constantinople, and, while working on the construction of the Paris Opera House, decided to create in its cellars a dwelling unknown to the rest of men, in which he could hide from their eyes.

Two-thirds of the way thru the '25 film we are told that Erik was born during the Boulevard Massacre, is a self-educated musician & master of Black Art, and that, after having been declared criminally insane & exiled to Devil's Island, he had escaped & lodged himself underneath the Paris Opera House. In the '43 remake, in which he is called Erique, he is a violinist in the Paris Opera whose hand is crippled by arthritis. He submits his life work, a piano concerto, to a music publisher, who later claims he has misplaced it. Erique kills the publisher when he hears strains of his masterpiece issuing from another room. Whereupon the music publisher's lady-friend throws a pan of sulphuric acid into his face. He flees, locates a manhole in the pavement outside the Opera, takes off the lid & lowers himself into the catacombs beneath.

The production cost was close to \$1,500,000, and the original PHANTOM stage, complete with auditorium, boxes, orchestra pit, etc., was used. There is a great deal of opera & not much Phantom in the '43 version, and Rains' make-up is about half as effective as Lionel Atwill's terribly mutilated face in THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM ('33). The unmasking scene takes place almost at the end.

END



DIALOG DIABOLIQUE

Here are 13 memorable lines of dialog from monster movies old & new. And, as a free clue, one of the films was written by the father of the author of this quiz!

BY MARC ANTONY RUSSELL

1. "I have here a collection of the world's most astounding horrors!"
2. "The werewolf is neither man nor wolf . . . but a satanic creature, bearing the worst qualities of both!"
3. "Something monstrous . . . all-powerful . . . still living . . . still holding that island in a grip of deadly fear!"
4. "A ghoul, as I am sure you know, is a disgusting creature who opens graves & feeds on corpses!"
5. "To new worlds of gods & monsters!"
6. "It reminds me of the broken battlements of my own castle . . . in Transylvania."
7. "I've got your murderer for you . . . old Ygor!"
8. "I love dead . . . hate living!"
9. "I'm going to tear the skin from your body . . . bit by bit!"
10. "I never drink . . . wine!"
11. "This animal is over 400 feet long!"
12. "Get away from that lever . . . you'll blow us all to atoms!"
13. "You have created a monster & it will destroy you!"

ANSWERS

1. George Zucco to Boris Karloff in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
2. Warner Oland to Henry Hull in WEREWOLF OF LONDON.
3. Robert Armstrong to Bruce Cabot & "Capt. Englehorn" in KING KONG.
4. Guy Rolfe to Ronald Lewis in Ray Russell's MR. SARDONICUS.
5. Ernest Thesiger to Colin Clive in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
6. Bela Lugosi to Helen Chandler in DRACULA.
7. Basil Rathbone to Lionel Atwill in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.
8. Boris Karloff to Ernest Thesiger in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
9. Bela Lugosi to Boris Karloff in THE BLACK CAT.
10. Bela Lugosi to Dwight Frye in DRACULA.
11. "The Professor" in GODZILLA.
12. Ernest Thesiger to Boris Karloff in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
13. Edward Van Sloan to Colin Clive in FRANKENSTEIN.

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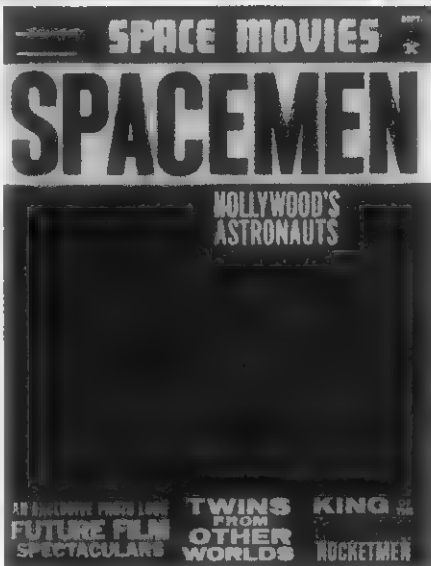
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**Backward, Backward, O Time in Thy Flight
 And Show Us Once More a Lost Face of Fright.**



The earliest Cyclops? Roy Collins, right, as the Evil Eye in **THE BRASS BOTTLE**, 1923. Ernest Torrence & Barbara La Marr are the other players seen in this scene from the fanta-film directed by Maurice Tourner.

The year was 1923.

Weird Tales magazine was first published that year.

FJA was but a lad of 7 and saw his first Lon Chaney film:

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

And First National Studios (now Warner Bros.) produced a fantastic film based on a whimsical stageplay adapted from an imaginative novel. The book, the basis of it all, was "The Brass Bottle" by F. Anstey, and concerned a genie released after many years imprisonment.

Certainly unphoto-geniec is the nostrilless monoptical monstrosity seen herewith.

In **THE BRASS BOTTLE** he (Roy Collins) was known as The Evil Eye. It is not immediately known what kind of a bottle he came from.

The picture is presently being remade with Burl Ives portraying the genie.

In passing it may be mentioned that in 1947 another Anstey fantasy was filmed, **VICE VERSA**. Peter Ustinov adapted it for the screen from the book of the same name.





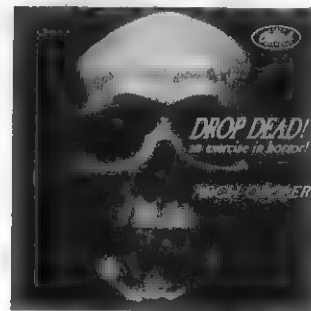
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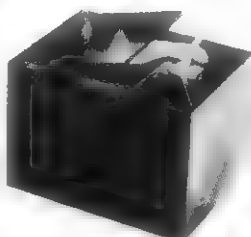
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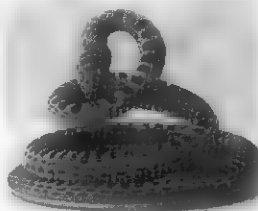
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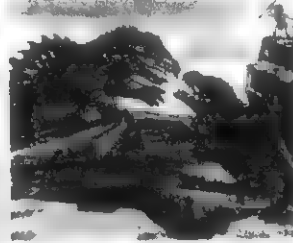
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One of the true classics of the past 25 years, this motion picture belongs in every serious horror film collection. This version is adapted from a "little known" GREAT of 1945, "WHITE PONGO," a Producers Releasing Corporation picture. The story tells of a mysterious expedition into forbidden jungle territory. Weird scientists leading this search, are looking for the creature that bridges the gap between man and the apes—"The Missing Link." One by one they meet a horrible fate as they discover a strange "White Gorilla." One of the most unusual monsters ever seen in the movies, this huge

ape destroys anything and everything in its path. A truly amazing film. Top talent spared no expense to tell this story. Produced by Sigmund Neufeld, directed by Sam Newfield and photographed by Jack Greenhalgh a most extraordinary cast of players enacted this weird tale—Richard Fraser, Maris Wrixon, Lionel Royce, Al Eben, Gordon Richards, Michael Dyne, George Lloyd, Larry Steers, Milton Kibbee, Egon Brecher and Joel Fluellen. All monster effects were supervised by one of the industry's leading authorities. You cannot afford to miss this superb special. Now only \$4.95.



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At last, available to collectors is this all-time chill special starring Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray. Reunited in this film after their success in "DOCTOR X" and "MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM" (original version of "HOUSE OF WAX"), Atwill and Wray head a major cast including Melvyn Douglas and Dwight Frye. This 1933 production is loaded with Vampires, weird characters, mad scientists and all the other film fiends that you'd expect in a super-shocker. The fangs of "The Vampire Bat" are sharp as its victims soon find out. Now YOU find out what this is all about. Full 200 feet only \$4.95.



TERROR OF DRACULA

The original 1922 version of "Dracula" now comes to the home screen. Adapted from the German classic "NOSFERATU", you'll see one of the screen's weirdest characters as the vampire king. Filmed in the days before Bela Lugosi ever put a cape on, shock comes after shock as the film unrolls. This is horror's hottest half-hour in a huge 2-reel show. Super 400' version now only \$9.95.



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Here is the original trend-setting horror classic. The COMPLETE film that inspired 20th Century Fox's recent "Caligari" remake. Considered by many to be "the weirdest film ever made — past, present or future", many shockers have gotten their ideas here. Starring Conrad Veidt, Werner Krauss and Lil Dagover this motion picture ranks on many lists as one of the "ten greatest films ever made". If you have never seen this COMPLETE production, you have never been chilled as "CALIGARI" will chill you. A rare item for any collection, this is a horror MUST. COMPLETE FIVE BIG REELS — 1000 feet running 1 1/4 hours Only \$34.95



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The count of mid-night, hands stretched out in his famous "Terror Stance," looks at you with chilling eyes and grasping hands. Fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood. In a twisted tree hang two of his favorite bat pets.

BRAND NEW! 2 MORE FOR YOU!

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We dare you to put this one together. Horror-fresh, straight from the water. Assemble with caution so that you don't stab yourself on the razor sharp claws. Watch the head as you attach it . . . sharp teeth. The snake should be handled with gloves, and the other sweet thing on the left—he's a real surprise.

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You'll be delighted at the musty smell of old Egyptian tombs. The real life death-like look will fascinate you as you put the Mummy together. BE CAREFUL how you place the sacred stones that contain the magic signs—or there can be trouble. The snake—but you know all about that . . . don't you?

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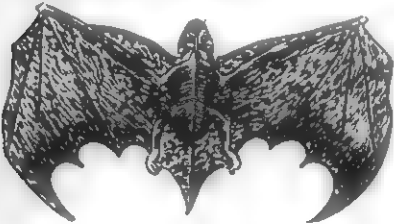
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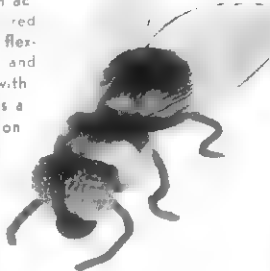
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Enough to scare Dracula himself. This rubber bat comes with a suction cup that when stuck on the wall or laid on the bed will cause nothing but grief to the poor victim who walks in unexpectedly. Full price only 75¢ each. Circle No. 3



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SHOCK MONSTER

Here's a mask that will shock people out of a year's growth. Eerie green skin, black twisted hair, yellow teeth and a staring eye make this one of the most horrible characters ever created in rubber. Only \$2.00 Circle No. 13 in coupon.



NEW!

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A white-skinned monstrosity with long black hair and big red lips. Perfect for girl-ghouls to wear when scaring family and friends. Even Mom will have fun wearing this to scare bill collectors away! Only \$1.49 Circle No. 19



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TEENAGE WEREWOLF

A new mask just created in answer to the many requests we've had for a replica of the werewolf character now so popular with the teenagers. Colorful, hairy-type face with mouth open showing seven razor-sharp teeth! Only \$1.49 Circle No. 20.



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A big blue-green eye in the middle of the forehead! Nothing like it anywhere! Walk down the street with this mask on and watch the people run. Invisible slits allow you to see out of both your eyes. Only \$1.49 Circle No. 21



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These colorful rubber claws fit right over your hand like a glove. Enough to scare the wits out of your victims. (The werewolf on the cover of #3 issue is wearing them.) Full price only \$1.50 each hand, or \$3.00 for a complete pair. Circle No. 4 in coupon.



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A slick-looking ring that is worn on the finger. You blow into it and it gives off a terrific whirl that makes the sound of a powerful siren. Resembles the "cry of the werewolf." Perfect for secret club members. Only 75¢ each. Circle No. 7



HORRIBLE HERMAN

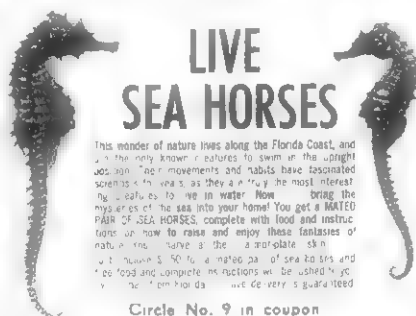
FRIGHTENING ASIATIC INSECT

Let people look inside this 2 1/4" box—then watch them faint! Inside is a horrible-looking type of insect with a fur body, scaly head, red eyes, and twin tendrils coming out of the head. You can make him lift his head and move around! Looks absolutely alive! Only 75¢ each. Circle No. 10



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HOW TO HAVE A SPOOK SHOW IN YOUR OWN HOME



This easy-to-read booklet shows how you can create realistic supernatural tricks in your own living-room without special props. Turn out the lights and work these chiller-diller stunts on family & friends. Ten great tricks. Only \$1.00. Circle No. 1 in coupon.

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As you write with this secret red ink, the writing will disappear in front of your eyes. When you finish your message you will have a blank sheet of paper in front of you. To read your message all you do, is wet the sponge in developing fluid and rub it across the paper, and your writing will appear. You will have time to read the message and then it will disappear again.

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Baby Parachutes complete with shroud lines. Small scale model of the real thing in all white nylon. You get 3 parachutes for only \$1.00. Circle No. 23.





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Eerie green and yellow ghou looks as if he just rose up out of the earth! Enlarged ears and mouthfull of horribly large teeth, plus droopy, sunken eyes make this new mask a collector's item! Only \$1.49. Circle No. 11

FAMOUS MONSTERS mail order department features exciting items for all true monster-lovers, at low cost. Many thousands of readers have already ordered masks and other monster merchandise—and are now busy scaring friends and family silly!

All masks are Hollywood-type, made of extra heavy latex rubber, full-faced and flexible. They actually move with the face, producing a most life-like appearance. Fits loosely on all faces, goes over the top of the head.

It's easy to order the masks and other items: just circle the number of each item you want in the coupon at the bottom of this page. Print your name and address clearly, then mail coupon with the full payment for all items ordered, plus 25c to cover postage and handling. In most cases, the 25c pays for only part of the postage. WE PAY THE REST! All merchandise guaranteed. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

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Horrifying greenish Over-the-Head mask covers entire face, needs no elastic to keep on. Terrific shocker, with yellowish & red features. Looks just like real Hollywood kind, with lumpy skin and scales like fish. Very scary! Only \$2.00 Circle No. 12 in coupon.



HORRIBLE MELTING MAN

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This grinning, bone-colored skull has white hair and deep, black eyes to make it one of the scariest masks ever designed. Only \$1.49 Circle No. 15



GORILLA MONSTER

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SUPER FRANKENSTEIN MASK

COVERS ENTIRE HEAD!

This horrifying heavy rubber mask was worn by our Frankenstein on the cover of Famous Monsters #1. It's the Super De-Luxe version of our Frankenstein face mask and covers the entire head. Impossible to tell who you are when you wear this eerie green Hollywood shocker! Has red lips, scars and silver bolts on neck & forehead. Black hair. Only \$3.98. Circle No. 17



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SIDE VIEW



MUMMY

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Once again, ZACHERLEY dares to present a magnificent collection of superior horror stories. This selection will chill, edify, delight and paralyze — spicing them (as Zacherley always does) with ghoulish humor, the result is sheer mayhem. An excellent collectors item!

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Invisibility is an idea which has enchanted mankind for ages — and is the perfect blueprint for exciting horror. No wonder the finest writers have written on this theme! Among the very best are stored in this paperback.

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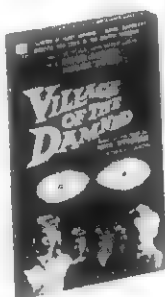
who knows — how to catch a vampire? the thing ghosts want most? how to really saw a woman in half? what evil lurks in the hearts of... The Ghoul Keepers know and so will you, when you read this collection of nine stories.

DEALS WITH THE DEVIL



Have you ever considered making a deal with the devil to gain your most eager desire? And yet not finally have to pay the score? Here is a collection of 12 terrifying tales about those who did — and those who succeeded.

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Here is a great story of children fathered by fiends unknown blonde, blazing eyed monsters who could be our masters tomorrow. The terrifying original story that was made into the hit MGM movie — one of the outstanding films of the year. Enough to scare the bravest reader.

THE DOLL MAKER



A tale of piercing terror about the agony of a poor victim who cannot escape the strange mastery of an egomaniac practicing unknown horrors. A graphic, emotional short novel of weird and chilling characters that seem absolutely real — by a new author of frightening tales Sarban. Don't miss this!

SOME OF YOUR BLOOD



Another great modern horror story by Theodore Sturgeon — one of the most exciting authors of the terrible tale. Here is a short horror novel that reaches a haunting intensity. A brilliant novel of modern times that will play fantastic tricks with your imagination. The best from the master of fantasy!

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Zacherley's own choice of short stories featuring a brew of ghouls, vampires, ghosts & creatures as horrible as you would want to meet — with special cheering notes on each from old Zach himself.

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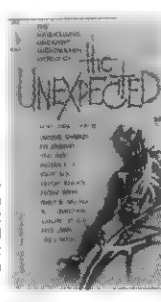
Selected short stories calculated to chill the blood. Like the hero of The Other Passenger, you suddenly feel, beyond the yellow circle of your reading lamp there's something waiting, waiting to pounce. The bristles on the back of your neck rise up, a shiver runs down your spine.

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Here's one we could not put down until the last page was read! An absolutely fascinating collection of stories having to do with "clawed" creatures with murderous motives. Truly terrifying tales of worlds we dream about but wouldn't want to visit — and the creatures that inhabit these dream worlds!

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Did you ever wonder what hobbies an undertaker has? What it could cost to become the richest man in the world? It's all here in 11 chilling stories. The monsters and hexes, grim demons and gay. Cute fiends at horrible play — some cheerful, some scary.

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THE MACABRE READER



Dance of Death, that fearsome carnival of the skeletons, weaving their gruesome evils in and out of the lives of the living, summarizes the essence of each of these shock masterpieces. Here are stories of terror from the lingering horrors of ancient Egypt to the unnamed monsters of the frigid cold and the tropic jungle.

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Specially designed to curdle your blood. That's this book. We call it MORE MACABRE, because that's what it is. The stories selected here are as ghoulish as any you'll find in print anywhere. They are the kind that will seek out that special little point of fright hidden in your soul — and prod it out, shrieking, into the night.

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When a sea captain brought a baby dinosaur to the home of a wealthy, brilliant scientist, it triggered off an expedition that well deserves the title of THE GREATEST ADVENTURE. For the trail of that little creature led straight into the unexplored, quake-shaken Antarctic to a lost world overrun with monsters!

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FRANKENSTEIN



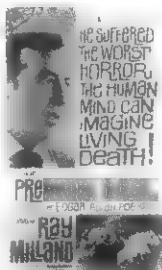
"The Monster Awakes. The artificial body I had constructed with such care lay lifeless before me. My goal was in sight. I began . . ." Read the thrilling, chilling words of this masterpiece just as it was written in the original manuscript.

DRACULA



He was a vampire. To live, this mysterious nobleman had to have the elixir of life, sucked from the veins of the living. This extraordinary horror tale tells the story of people caught in the spell of Count Dracula's strange powers.

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As Guy Carrell's coffin was laid to rest, his brain screamed—"I am not dead!" But life remained only in his fevered mind, in his tormented eyes. To those at his graveside—including his beautiful bride Emily—Guy Carrell was a corpse.

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SARDONICUS—what was the secret that kept his house in terror? SARDONICUS—why did he wear a mask? SARDONICUS—had his wife ever seen his face? SARDONICUS—who was this man? A TALE OF GOTHIC HORROR AND MONSTROUS DEEDS.

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ENTER THE WORLD OF THE SUPERNATURAL teeming with very special denizens of its own, so rich in gory variety that the heart thuds loud, sweat breaks, the cringing mind searches shudderingly for the next ghastly manifestation in this tome of terrifying stories.

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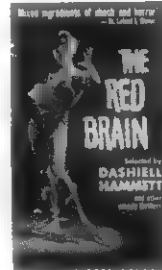
Buried deep in the reaches of vast antiquity lie the ancient customs, the vicious games, the laws of the privileged lords and his enslaved minions. Sarban's preoccupation is chiefly with the remote brooding past but jealousy invades the present through the sanity of the heroine.

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Horror Comes in Many Guises not all of them easily recognizable—at least not as easily as the conventional ghoul, or witch, or ghost. Fritz Leiber is a past master of terrifyingly unrecognizable phantoms—unrecognizable, that is, until too late . . .

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The Captain would meet the test! The Fantastic why did he hope the world would end! A mighty epic of undersea adventure, the giant atomic submarine probes the ocean depths, fights sea monsters and will introduce you to the fabulous world beneath the surface of the sea.

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Grim, ghostly, spine-chilling nerve-wracking horror in three terrible tales you will remember with shuddering dread every time you're alone in a dark house or on a deserted street listening to the whispering, ominous sounds of night.

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A castle that torture built, whose dungeon walls still sweated blood . . . A family terrorized by the awful secret they shared and the man who challenged a nightmare—and dared to face its horror, alone.

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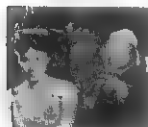
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A story so real it sent 20th Century Americans screaming into the streets. Here is a novel of the future so real, that four decades after it was written, a radio presentation by Orson Welles caused a national near-panic. One of H. G. Wells' best stories.

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These hideous triffids roaming the ruins of the earth. A long green lash whips out . . . a man screams as he falls. There is a terrible silence in the city, the streets are totally deserted. The noise that breaks the stillness is the strange rustle of the triffids in search of man.

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One of the world's greatest suspense thrillers, it tells of the strange—and evil experiment of a man whose scientific genius carried him beyond the pale of humanity. Written by the one and only H. G. Wells, it was the basis for the classic motion picture starring Claude Rains.

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Ghouls, werewolves and vampires are, of course, not real beings . . . are they? The dead do not walk by night . . . or do they? Here is an absolutely authentic, scientific study of that which made men not only believe, but behave as though they were . . . ghouls werewolves and vampires.

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MEN WITHOUT BONES



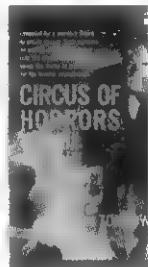
Venture into this alarmingly convincing world of Gerald Kersh. Meet the horse whose stubbornness changed history, or the murderer who confessed and confessed. Learn, too the secret of the Mona Lisa's smile or ponder, if you will, the case of Simple Simon, who lost the only important thing he had.

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"FEAR exists it lurks in the shadows of a lonely night; in the untenanted house and the tenanted tomb; it is at home in all the dark places, including those of the human mind and there are times when we must admit its pressing presence, acknowledge its existence in order to make our own more bearable. It forms the basis of all my work . . ."

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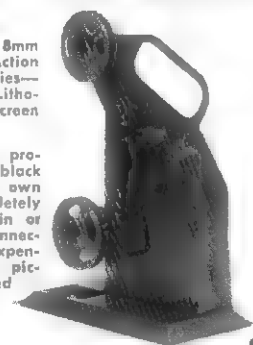
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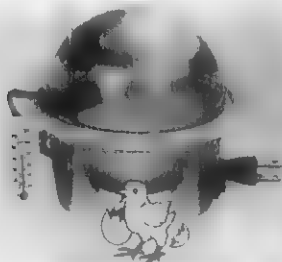
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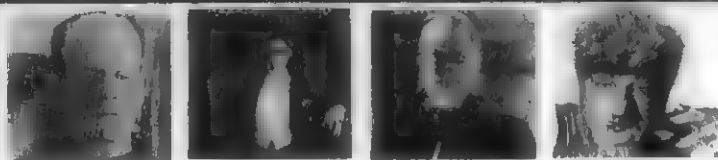
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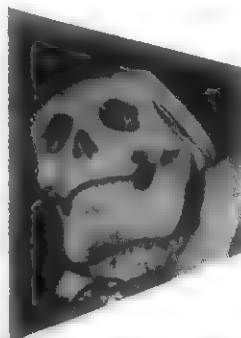
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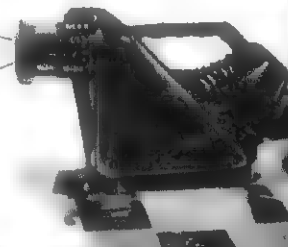
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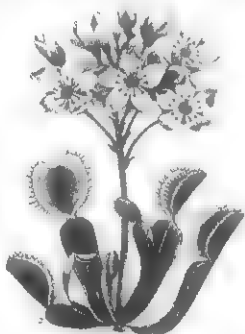


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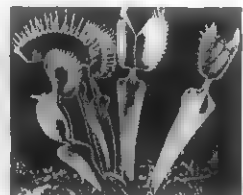
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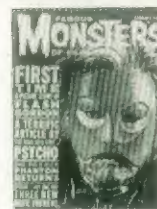
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